

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



PARIPAN LTD.

BRITISH MADE

PARIPAN PAREMUL PARIMAT
Dryfast * Emulsion * Steamproof
ENAMEL PAINT FINISH

EGHAM · SURREY



BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
TABLE SALT AND PEPPER MANUFACTURERS · CEREBOS LTD

Cerebos
Salt of quality

Apollinaris is 'sparkling' spring water

The Apollinaris spring overlooks the Rhine Valley. From it comes the soft water, naturally aerated, affectionately known as Polly. Apollinaris has the unique quality of bringing out the true flavour of a whisky. Ask for 'Scotch and POLLY'

Drambuie

THE LIQUEUR YOU PREFER TO BE OFFERED



GET
YOUNGER
EVERY DAY



William Younger's Scotch Ales
on draught or in bottle

OPTREX
THE EYE LOTION
RELIEVES TIRED EYES



HEIDSIECK & CO
Dry Monopole
Champagne

Ask for

Young's



QUICK FROZEN

seafood delicacies

POTTED SHRIMPS · PRAWN COCKTAIL · SCAMPI · CRAB PATE
9 LOWER GROSVENOR PLACE, LONDON, S.W.1

TIO PEPE

Spain's Dry Sherry

GONZALEZ BYASS



ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED
CAR & GENERAL LTD.
INSURANCE CORPORATION
83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1



**"South Africa gives you
the holiday of a lifetime!"...**



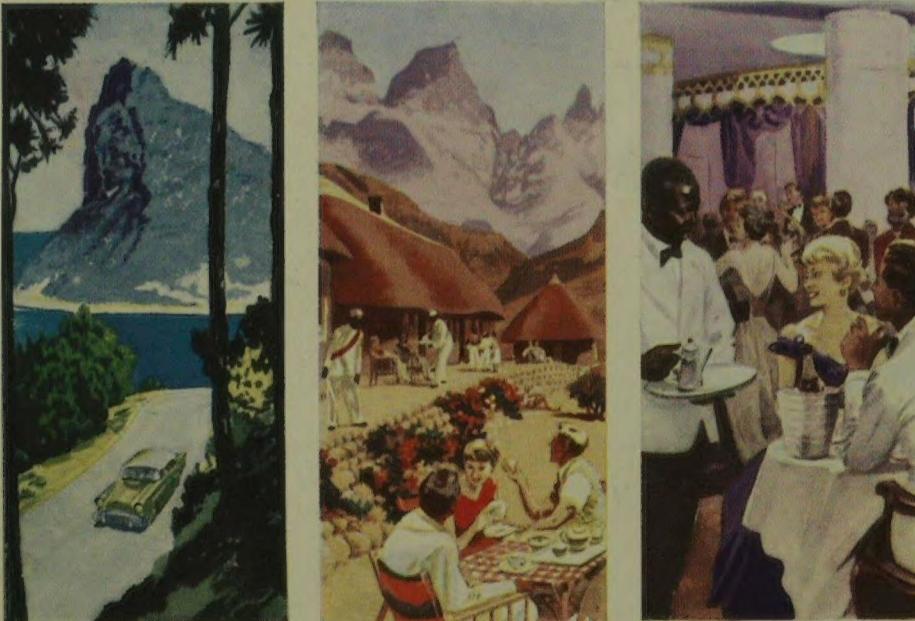
SAYS THE BUSINESS EXECUTIVE

It's grand to make a break and to slip away from the discomforts of the European climate, to bask luxuriously in the glorious warmth of South African sunshine.

Naturally, there's more than sunshine to make this a wonderful holiday country. If you're the energetic type you'll revel in the excitement of the game reserves and enjoy

all sorts of open air sports in ideal conditions. If more sophisticated pleasures have a greater appeal, there are heaps of fashionable coast resorts with a gay social round as well as the attraction of modern cities like Johannesburg.

You can't possibly be dull in South Africa. A friendly welcome greets you everywhere and life in the sunshine is one long delight.



*At the coast:
blue seas and sunshine*

*In the mountains:
relaxation in luxury*

*In the cities:
Sophisticated night life*



This office is at your service for free, friendly and helpful advice. For detailed information on transport, accommodation and costs consult your Travel Agent or South African Railways Travel Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London W.C.2.

SOUTH AFRICAN TOURIST CORPORATION
70, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.I.
4TH FLOOR, 610 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 20

South Africa

LAND OF SUNNY CONTRASTS

AGNEW



JOHN DOWMAN, A.R.A.
(1750 - 1824)

MISS CAMPBELL
11½ x 9½ inches

One of a very striking group of black chalk drawings
by this artist now on show in our
86th Annual Water-Colour Exhibition

THOS. AGNEW & SONS LTD.
43 Old Bond Street and 3 Albemarle Street, London, W.1
Telegrams: 'RESEMBLE, LONDON' Telephones: HYDe Park 9188 & 9189

Evening Wear

Dinner suits and tails
for Sale or Hire

MOSS BROS
OF COVENT GARDEN W.C.2
THE COMPLETE MAN'S STORE

Nearest Station Leicester Square
Temple Bar 4477

AND BRANCHES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

Don't be vague

Ask for

Haig

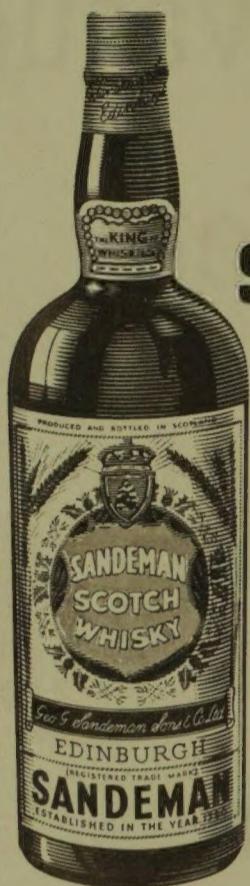
Such a
warm-hearted
whisky—
and so smooth



THE OLDEST SCOTCH WHISKY
DISTILLERS IN THE WORLD

EST
1790*The King
of Whiskies*

(REGISTERED TRADE MARK)

**SANDEMAN
SCOTCH
WHISKY**

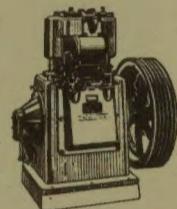
Blended in Edinburgh from specially selected fine whiskies under the same family proprietorship since 1790.

If unavailable locally write to:

SANDEMAN & SONS LTD., Forth Street, Edinburgh.

**"BROOMWADE" serves the world**

"Only those who brave its dangers Comprehend its mystery." From the dawn of history man has challenged and conquered the oceans of the world. The primitive dugout canoe, the longship of the ancient Northmen, the stately transatlantic queen, have borne him on his voyages. In the great shipyards of the modern world, "BROOMWADE" Air Compressors and Pneumatic Tools are speeding the building of tugs and tankers, liners and lightships, corvettes and aircraft carriers.... In this, as in most of today's great industrial and engineering fields, "BROOMWADE" serves the world.

**"BROOMWADE"**
AIR COMPRESSORS & PNEUMATIC TOOLS

YOUR BEST INVESTMENT

BROOM & WADE LTD., P.O. BOX NO. 7, HIGH WYCOMBE, ENGLAND.
Telephone: High Wycombe 1630 (10 lines) Telegrams: "Broom," High Wycombe. (Telex.) 412 SAS

**OVERSEAS
SHIPPING**

When calling at these Canadian Ports.
ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND
HALIFAX, N.S.—SAINT JOHN, N.B.
QUEBEC and MONTREAL, QUE.
VANCOUVER and VICTORIA, B.C.

"EXPORT"
CIGARETTES

at competitive prices "In Bond" for passenger and crew use.

MACDONALD'S — SINCE 1858

Nearly 200 years ago British gourmets first savoured the delights of John Burgess's Anchovy Specialities.



BURGESS'
ANCHOVY PASTE
is first choice of the gourmet today

**NEW ZEALAND**

sun!

GLORIOUS scenery, majestic and varied, marks New Zealand out as an unspoiled, nation-wide holiday resort! Alps, glaciers, sub-tropical forests—all are breathtaking in their lavishness and beauty.

For the fishing enthusiast the rivers and lakes of New Zealand have no equals. He will find trout and salmon and, in the deep off-shore waters, marlin swordfish, broadbill and mako shark.

And the New Zealand scene is set under blue skies in a blissfully warm climate—surely the greatest attraction of all!

**New Zealand**
LEISURELY BY SEA - SPEEDY BY AIR

See your Travel Agent—now! Or write for details to
NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT TOURIST BUREAU
New Zealand House, 415 Strand, London, W.C.2. Temple Bar 3241

**H. E.
BATES**

his new stories

**The
Watercress
Girl**

13/6 net

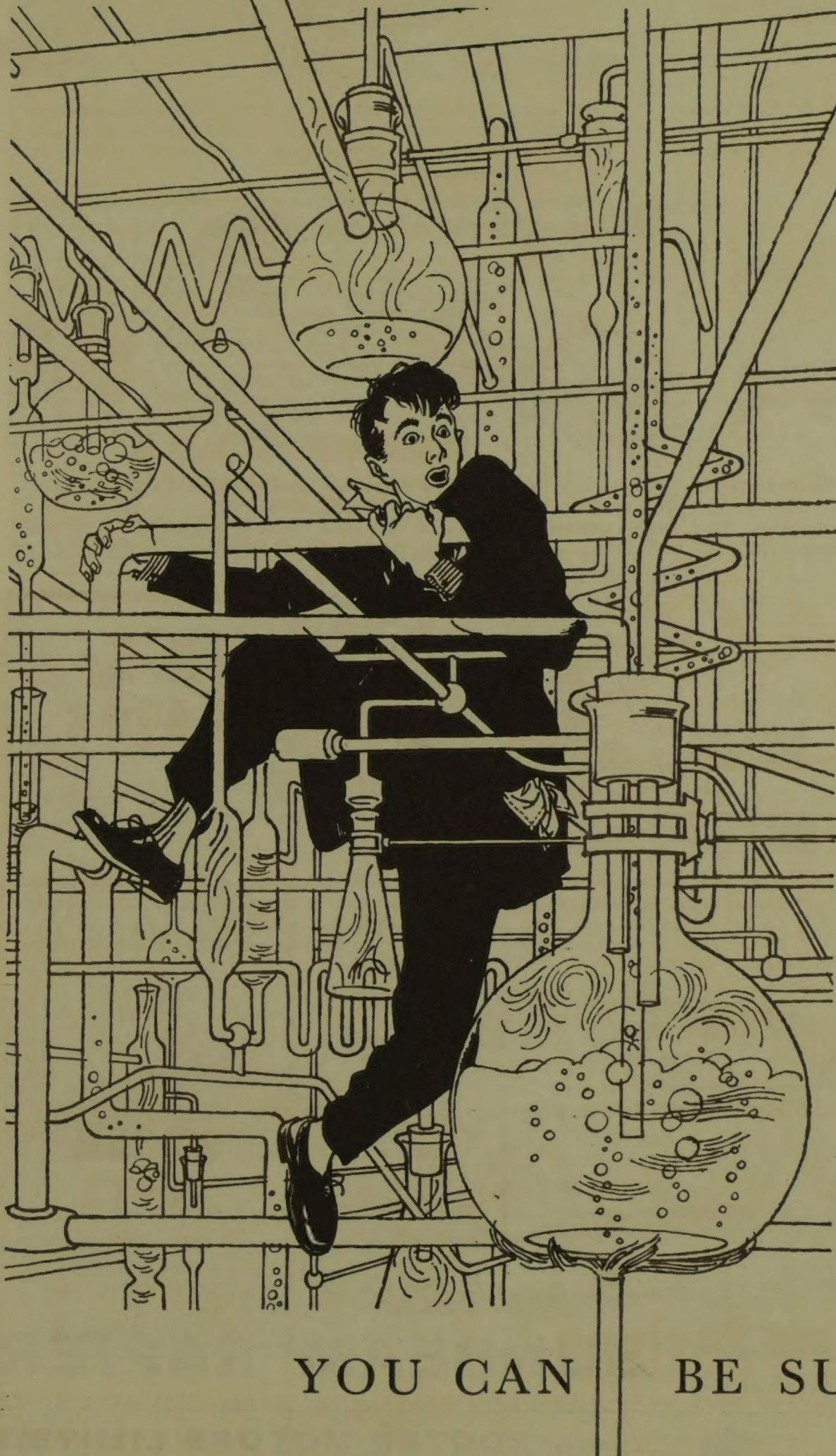
**NORAH
LOFTS**
her stories**Heaven in
Your Hand**

13/6 net

**MICHAEL JOSEPH**

"Help—let me out!"

Many motorists may have wondered, seeing the rather technical look of some petrol advertisements, just what it's all about. Perhaps, blinded by science, they may even wonder whether there is very much in it after all!



This is a pity, for big things have been happening to petrol. It is better—and different. A first-class high-octane petrol such as Super Shell can be produced only by the most advanced refinery processes which lead to better fuels at economic cost.

But refining is only half the story. Additives play an increasing part in giving motorists the higher performance they need. You may remember the first important additive—tetraethyl lead—which in 1922 sensationally reduced petrol "knock". Today, a premium petrol may contain as many as ten additives, most of which never reach the headlines, but each with a special function.

The latest, and most important since tetraethyl lead, is I.C.A.—the Ignition Control Additive based on tricresyl phosphate—which was developed by Shell Research to overcome serious problems of power loss and rough running due to engine deposits. These deposits upset the smooth rhythm of ignition and are particularly troublesome in today's high-compression engines. I.C.A. has

proved the answer. It was a triumph of fundamental research, far removed from an advertising "stunt". It is vital in modern cars, and it is exclusive to Shell.

Super Shell with I.C.A. gives you modern petrol at its powerful best, with the added pleasure of a really smooth engine. It is a striking example of how Shell, through the quality of its products, is contributing to better and more economical motoring everywhere.

YOU CAN BE SURE OF



RECORD-BREAKING RALLY WINS for the SUNBEAM RAPIER



Team prizes, trophies, first places in several important international events and a coveted 'Coupe des Alpes'—this impressive list of motoring honours had already been collected in 1958 by the formidable new Sunbeam Rapier—only six months after its introduction!



In the famous '58 Monte Carlo Rally, the Stuart Trophy for the highest placed British car went to Sunbeam Rapier. Finishing fifth in overall classification, driver Peter Harper arrived at Monte Carlo after a penalty-free 2,000 mile dash across Europe from Sweden.



A new Sunbeam Rapier, making its competition debut, won outright Britain's 'toughest ever' international R.A.C. Rally. After 2,000 miles of snow and icy roads, Sunbeam clinched its victory with a magnificent performance in the final manoeuvrability tests.



In the gruelling 4-day Circuit of Ireland's International Rally, which led competitors from Belfast to Tramore, Killarney, Londonderry and Bangor, two new Sunbeam Rapiers took 1st and 2nd places in the popular 'closed car over 1300 c.c. class.' The winning team was J. E. Dowling and C. J. Atkinson; John Peile and R. Bell drove the other successful Sunbeam.



The Vosges, Jura and Auvergne mountains and the French Alps were in the route of the six-day Dutch Tulip Rally. Three works-entered Sunbeam Rapiers were awarded the coveted manufacturers' team prize.



More glory for 2 new Sunbeam Rapiers in the '58 Scottish Rally: 1st and 3rd places in the up-to-2600 c.c. class for modified touring cars.



2,600 miles of incredibly narrow, twisting mountain passes make the Alpine Rally one of Europe's toughest motor racing events. A Sunbeam Rapier arrived unpenalised at Marseilles to win a class victory and a coveted 'Coupe des Alpes.'



The new 1½ litre Sunbeam Rapier sets new standards in performance, safety, comfort, looks. New featherlight steering . . . new 10" brakes with 15% better performance . . . new gear change . . . twin carburettors, compression increased to 8.5. All new features, but tested and proved perfect in the toughest Rally conditions.

SALOON £695 (plus P.T. £348.17.0.) CONVERTIBLE £735 (plus P.T. £368.17.0.)



the new 1½ litre
SUNBEAM RAPIER

A product of **ROOTES MOTORS LIMITED**

SUNBEAM-TALBOT LTD COVENTRY · LONDON SHOWROOMS AND EXPORT DIV.: ROOTES LTD DEVONSHIRE HOUSE PICCADILLY LONDON WI

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



© 1959. THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS & SKETCH LTD. The World Copyright of all the Editorial Matter, both Illustrations and Letterpress, is Strictly Reserved.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1959.



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, WHOSE THREE-MONTH WORLD TOUR WAS DUE TO BEGIN ON JANUARY 20.

H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh arranged to leave London for New Delhi in a B.O.A.C. *Comet IV* on Jan. 20, for his three-month World Tour. He will visit many parts of India and Pakistan, where his stay will be principally in connection with the advancement of science in those countries. Later he will join the Royal yacht *Britannia* at Rangoon, which will take him on an extensive tour of the East Indies, Hong Kong and the Pacific Islands.

He will reach the Panama Canal on April 19, and the Bahamas on April 24, where he will disembark from *Britannia* and fly back to England, visiting Bermuda on the way. He is due to arrive at London Airport on April 30. The Duke is here wearing the full-dress uniform of Admiral of the Fleet. Among his decorations are the Garter Collar, Garter Star and Thistle Star. (Portrait study by Tony Armstrong Jones.)

Postage—Inland, 4d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 4½d. (These rates apply as The Illustrated London News is registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper.)



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE genius of Britain is an odd thing—all the more odd in that it is almost impossible to define in what it resides. Her greatest triumphs—in politics, in administration, in commerce—have nearly always been difficult to explain and the reality has usually been different from the surface appearance. A good example of this was afforded by the last war when our rather unexpected triumph was attributed—apart from the achievements of our American and Russian allies—to the strategic planning of Winston Churchill and the genius of our field commanders. Both Churchill's superb and matchless leadership and the brilliance of generals like Montgomery, Alexander and Slim, played an indispensable part in our victory, yet there was another reason for our success which was almost unperceived by the world and ourselves at the time. Churchill's courage and faith in 1940 and his wonderful speeches are among the three or four greatest things in our history; Montgomery's victories at El Alamein and Falaise rank with Blenheim and Waterloo. Yet side by side by them stands the achievement of the British Chiefs of Staff Committee—the almost unknown C.O.S., as it was called—which planned and controlled the strategy of the war in all its immensity and detail, and of the War Cabinet organisation through which it made its will effective.

For with the development of modern communications and weapons the nature of war had changed so drastically by 1940 that it could only be conducted through a central and unified command. The so-called "Supreme Commanders" and their staffs in the different war theatres were the administrative media through whom the all-powerful C.O.S. Committee transmitted orders to the operational commanders in the field. The latter still directed battles and tactical movements, but the strategy and its logistical planning that made their victories possible depended on the men who controlled their campaigns from the War Room in Whitehall. The instrument through which Britain's miraculous change of fortune after the early months of 1942 was wrought was the Chiefs of Staff Committee—the supreme operational headquarters of the Commonwealth's Military, Naval and Air forces. Created after the First World War to provide Government with expert and co-ordinated Service advice at the highest level, since the beginning of the Second World War it had taken over the duties of its peacetime political master, the Imperial Defence Committee, and had become a direct Committee of the War Cabinet. But owing to the way in which Churchill, as joint Prime Minister and Minister of Defence, virtually monopolised political control of the war, this professional triumvirate of Service chiefs, though nominally responsible to the War Cabinet, in reality did its directing work, owing responsibility only to the Prime Minister and to the Defence Committee of selected Ministers which he occasionally, and with decreasing frequency, called together to assist him. It performed the functions which in 1914–18 had been divided, often with disastrous results, between a War Cabinet of "frocks" or politicians ignorant of the military art and an indeterminate body of advising "brass-hats" or professional Service chiefs who, lacking regular constitutional means to make their advice effective, were driven to political intrigue against the amateur strategists whose essays in the military sphere they deplored. Resolved to avoid a repetition of such divided councils in the far more dangerous circumstances of 1940, Churchill, while centring all political power in his own hands, delegated to the Chiefs of Staff Committee the strategic control of the war and, under his supervision, the real direction of the nation's war effort.

Without the public realising it, this silent revolution of the Prime Minister's ended the

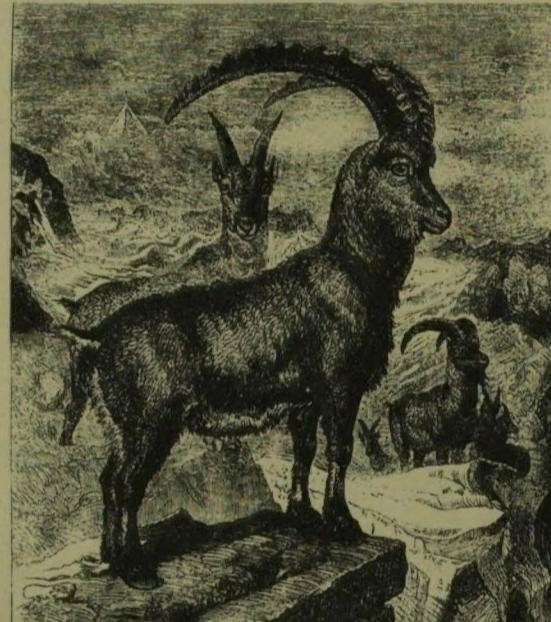
separation of military execution and political control. After 1940 every great question affecting Britain's wartime government—not only the movements, supply and reinforcement of her fleets, armies and air forces, but the control of manpower, industry, shipping, agriculture and even imperial and foreign policy—were all referred to the C.O.S. Committee. Nor was the Committee the submissive instrument of the great Prime Minister who had rallied Britain in 1940 and represented, so incomparably, her wartime will. In their corporate capacity its three members—the C.I.G.S., First Sea Lord and Chief of Air Staff—were responsible under the Crown for advising the Government in all military matters and for the day-by-day direction of the war and, so long as they spoke with a single voice, their advice could

Under the Chiefs of Staffs—helping them by its planning and intelligence services to formulate decisions and carry them out—was the War Cabinet Secretariat. This organisation, both elaborate and elastic, was almost perfectly adjusted to the unpredictable and constantly changing needs of global warfare and, though evolved by a peace-loving parliamentary democracy after its experiences in the First World War, was probably the most efficient instrument for running a war that this or any other country has known. Under the authority of the War Cabinet and the direction of the Chiefs of Staff it was closely linked, not only with the three Fighting Services and their commanders and staff officers on every battlefield, but, through a series of inter-related departmental committees, with every branch of civil government. By this means there was no facet of the nation's wartime life that was not subject to the C.O.S. Committee's scrutiny and indirect control and, when necessary, to its swift, overriding directives. It did not supersede the peacetime government of the country by departmental committee and Ministerial responsibility to Parliament, but it streamlined it to the needs of war. And as a result, despite Britain's initial unpreparedness, it proved incomparably more efficient as a long-term instrument for directing war than the authoritarian autocracy against which it was pitted. While the Prime Minister dominated and inspired the nation from the bridge, the hand of the professional triumvirate he had picked was on the tiller and the response to the tiller was instantaneous.

At the head of this executive and co-ordinating machine was Lieut.-General Sir Hastings Ismay, the Military Secretary of the War Cabinet and the Defence Minister's Personal Chief of Staff. "On looking back on my work," the great wartime Chairman of the Chiefs of Staff Committee, Lord Alanbrooke, has written, "I cannot exaggerate the debt of gratitude we owed to 'Pug' Ismay. Gifted with an immense capacity for work and an uncanny ability for producing clear and definite minutes from confused and indecisive meetings, he oiled the works and kept the C.O.S. organisation running on ball bearings. Acting as intermediary between the C.O.S. Committee and the Defence Minister he was apt at times to get the worst from both sides. Yet, no matter how rough things might be, he invariably shouldered his burden with cheerfulness, efficiency and loyalty." He and his assistants, Major-General Hollis and Brigadier Ian Jacob—to-day Director-General of the B.B.C.—served not only the War Cabinet and the C.O.S. Committee but the latter's two main sub-committees, the Joint Planning Committee and the Joint Intelligence Committee. Through these committees and their staffs all the information needed by the C.O.S. was collected and detailed plans prepared for all operations.

Without this superbly streamlined organisation the Chiefs of Staff could have done nothing in an age in which every military exercise was dependent on complex logistical calculations and preparations made many months before. Through it they controlled an executive instrument which operated with an astonishing speed and absence of friction at all levels down to the humblest staff officer and Service or civilian clerk on its ranks. Not the least of Churchill's services to Britain in 1940 was to ensure, by his adaptation of the existing Chiefs of Staff and War Cabinet organisation, that the supreme supervisory and executive functions in war should be exercised by the same persons and that action should not be stultified by "that exalted brooding over the work done by others" which so nearly brought the country to disaster in the winter of 1917–18.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO: A REPRODUCTION AND QUOTATION FROM THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS OF JANUARY 22, 1859.



"THE BOUQUETIN, OR STEINBOCK (CAPRA IBEX, LIN.)":
THE STORY OF A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.

After the page on the Alpine Ibex as it is to-day (page 155) had already been set, we discovered that exactly 100 years ago we had been interested in the same subject. We were reviewing a book "The Italian Valleys of the Pennine Alps," by the Rev. S. W. King, and we reproduced from it the engraving we reproduce again above; and quoted from the author: "The ibex is becoming rarer every year.... Their haunts are now entirely confined to the Graian Chain.... Long may the Grivola and the mountains of Cogne afford a safe sanctuary to this most striking and interesting, as it is one of the rarest animals of Europe!"

only be disregarded at the expense of a public clash between the Cabinet and its statutory strategic advisers. The Government could overrule them on a political issue but not—by constitutional practice—on a military one. Though there were innumerable and at times passionate disputes with Churchill, there was no instance of the Chiefs of Staff agreeing to any project of his of which they disapproved. Nor, in noble contrast to the autocrat who misdirected Germany's strategy, was there any instance of the Prime Minister using his unchallenged political power to overrule the Service chiefs he had appointed and whose views were so frequently in conflict with his own. And because, though he disputed and argued every move of the game with them, Churchill had confidence in them and knew them to be the fittest men for their charge of any in the kingdom, he retained them in office throughout the war. After Alanbrooke's appointment as their Chairman immediately after the fall of Singapore, the Prime Minister made no attempt to change the Chiefs of Staff Committee. The sole alteration in its composition was made by death.

"MAC'S BACK!"; AN ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION FOR THE PRIME MINISTER ON HIS NORTH-EAST TOUR.

(Left.)
THE PRIME MINISTER ON BOARD THE NEW TANKER, *NORDIC HERON*, NOW BEING FITTED OUT AT SUNDERLAND, DURING HIS "MEET THE PEOPLE" TOUR OF NORTH-EAST ENGLAND.

(Right.)
MR. MACMILLAN VISITED THE QUEEN ELIZABETH GRAMMAR SCHOOL, WHERE HE CHATTED TO MASTERS AND BOYS DURING HIS SHORT VISIT TO DARLINGTON.



AT THE HEAD, WRIGHTSON AND CO. ENGINEERING WORKS AT THORNABY, NEAR STOCKTON, THE PRIME MINISTER HAD A TWO-SHILLING LUNCH IN THE CANTEEN.

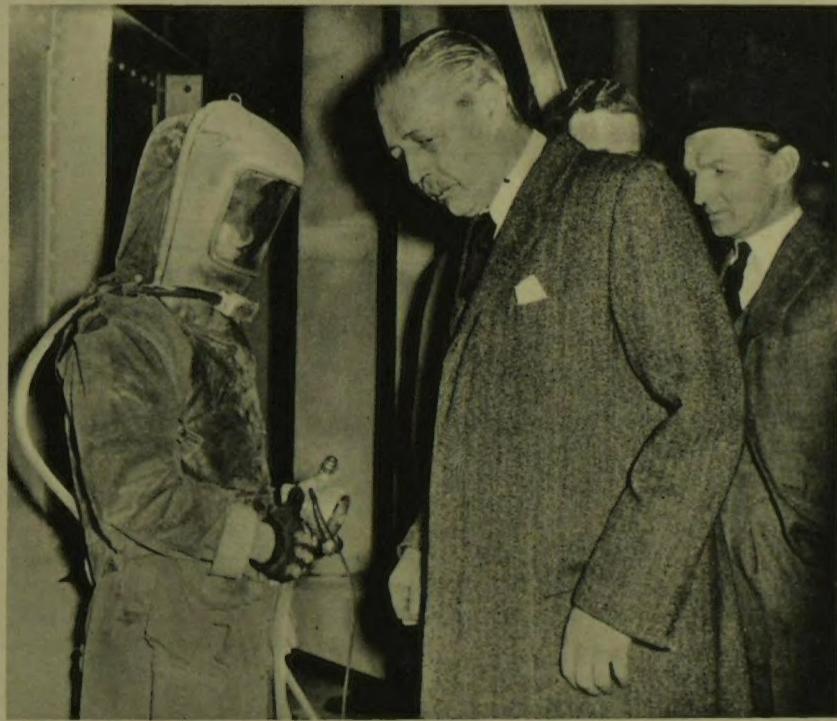


AT STOCKTON MR. MACMILLAN FREQUENTLY DODGED HIS ESCORT OF DIGNITARIES TO GOSSIP WITH PASSERS-BY AND TO LOOK AT GOODS IN THE MARKET.



WHILE AT DARLINGTON HE VISITED THE CLEVELAND BRIDGE AND ENGINEERING CO., WHERE HE WAS SHOWN BRIDGES DESIGNED FOR MANY PARTS OF THE WORLD.

Continuing his policy of "meeting the people," Mr. Harold Macmillan has completed a busy three-day tour of north-eastern England, which included a visit to his old constituency, Stockton-on-Tees. Other towns on the tour included Hartlepool, Darlington, Thornaby, Billingham and Sunderland. The Prime Minister obviously enjoyed himself and with tireless energy often slipped his official escort to chat with passers-by. In Stockton, which he represented from 1924 to 1929 and from 1931 to 1945, he was greeted with



MR. MACMILLAN LISTENING TO A WORKER EXPLAINING HIS TRADE, DURING HIS VISIT TO THE CLEVELAND BRIDGE AND ENGINEERING CO.

cheers and with a placard "Mac's Back!" Asked about the tour, he said, "I enjoy most getting back into ordinary life." Visiting a school in Darlington, he saw bookbinding taking place and said, "As a taxpayer I approve; as a publisher I strongly disapprove." At an interview in an Independent Television studio on the opening night of Tyne Tees television, Mr. Macmillan emphasized the area's great contribution to the country, in the form of shipping, engineering, heavy industry and chemicals.

NORWEGIAN ART TREASURES OF 900 YEARS. CRAFTSMANSHIP AT THE VICTORIA



AN EARLY SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY COMMUNION FLAGON FROM TRONDHEIM CATHEDRAL: SILVER WITH ENGRAVED ORNAMENTATION.



AN EXACT REPLICA OF AN OAK CHEST FOUND IN THE ROYAL SHIP MOUND AT OSERGARD. THIS ALMOST UNIQUE SHIP-BURIAL FIND BROUGHT TO LIGHT A WEALTH OF VIKING TREASURES OF FINE CRAFTSMANSHIP.



A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY COPPER GILT RELIQUARY IN THE FORM OF A MEDIEVAL CHURCH. IT PORTRAYS THE ADORATION AND THE DEATH OF ST. THOMAS A BECKET.



A BIRCH BOX FOR WOOL, OF THE LATE MIDDLE AGES. A VERY FINE PIECE OF CRAFTSMANSHIP WITH MEDIEVAL DRAGONS' HEADS AND INTRICATE ORNAMENTATION.



A WROUGHT-IRON CANDLESTICK OF THE MIDDLE AGES, IN THE TRADITIONAL SHAPE OF A NORWEGIAN SHIP. PAINTED STANDARDS ARE FIXED AT BOTH ENDS.

UNTIL March 15 the Victoria and Albert Museum is showing an exhibition of Norwegian Art Treasures which covers a period of 900 years, and is an introduction to the main phases of Norwegian art: the Viking and Medieval period; the Renaissance and Baroque; and seventeenth- and eighteenth-century court art. It consists of textiles, furniture, paintings, glass, wood and stone, and metal work. The few early textiles are unique and of outstanding interest. A fragment of woven cloth comes from the Royal ship-mound at Oseberg (that wonderful [Continued below, right.]

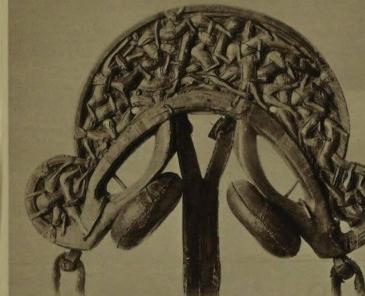
(Right)
A THIRTEEN-CENTURY ENGRAVED CRUCIFIX: A FINE EXAMPLE OF THE SKILL OF NORWEGIAN METAL-WORKERS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.



A DISPLAY OF RARE AND WONDERFUL AND ALBERT MUSEUM.



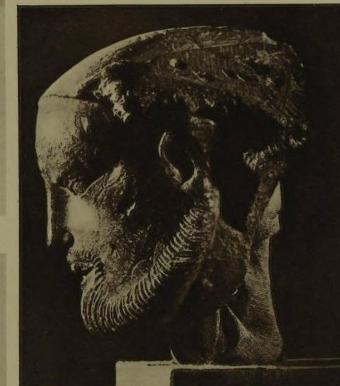
THE SO-CALLED BALDHOL CHURCH FRIEZE, AN EARLY TWELFTH-CENTURY FRIEZE WITH ALLEGORICAL REPRESENTATIONS OF APRIL AND MAY: ONE OF ONLY TWO PIECES FROM THIS PERIOD.



A VIKING-AGE HARNESS BOW OF PAINTED BIRCH WITH ENTWINED ANIMALS AND SNAKES. THE TRAPPINGS ARE MORE RECENT ADDITIONS OR REPLACEMENTS.



A LATE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY BIRCH-ROOT TANKARD WITH SILVER MOUNTINGS, CARVED WITH SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF CHRIST. ONE OF SEVERAL TANKARDS.



A LATE THIRTEENTH-CENTURY HEAD OF A MAN CARVED IN SOAPSTONE, FROM TRONDHEIM CATHEDRAL; IN THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM EXHIBITION OF NORWEGIAN ART.



MAGNIFICENT DRINKING HORN WITH SILVER MOUNTINGS AND ENGRAVED SHIELDS OF ARMS, WHICH BELONGED TO KING HAAKON V (1270-1319). FROM THE NATIONAL MUSEUM, COPENHAGEN.

Continued] discovery of 1904 that threw so much light on early Norse craftsmanship; while the fragmentary twelfth-century tapestry frieze from Baldishol Church—a very rare piece—still preserves most of its original brilliant colouring. Nearly 400 years elapsed before another single example of woven textile became preserved. Either the tradition of country weaving died out completely, to be revived from Germany in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, or it was only kept alive by being carried on in a secret corner in a few country districts. The several pieces in the exhibition from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries show clearly the Norwegian tradition of decorating and warming their rooms with double-woven or chequer-woven hanging cloths. Together with the coverlets, cushion-covers and bedspreads of the time, woven in the same styles, they represent a period of highly-developed and industrious craftsmanship. These tapestry-woven materials are

both imaginative in their wide range of subjects, and finely made in strong vegetable-dye colours. The craft more or less died out late in the eighteenth century. The exhibition is rich, too, in woodwork and sculpture. When the early ninth-century Oseberg ship was found, it was laden with Royal gear of the Viking period, including sledges, ornamented household articles, oak chests, carved figure-heads and harness collars. The early Christian period was characterised by the so-called stave churches, and there are fragments of these in the exhibition, two of which there are several examples on view. Lay craftsmanship of this and later periods was generally confined to massive wooden furniture with which Norwegians stocked their timbered farmhouses. Again the tradition of imaginative carving remained strong; dragons' heads and ornate designs found their way on to quite basic household properties, such as boxes for wood. In metal-work the Viking age gave rise to [Continued above, right.]

Continued] some of the world's best craftsmanship. Ornamented swords, gold spurs, bronze gilded brooches: these are only sparsely represented in the exhibition, perhaps because they are already better known. More space has been devoted to metal-work of the Christian era. There are two magnificent reliquaries of the thirteenth century—small, church-shaped chests, lavishly carved and decorated. But the finest metal objects of this period are undoubtedly the numerous arm-sabres, the chain-mail and crosses, of which a few are on show. From more recent times, there are several interesting examples of drinking-horns, tankards, porringer and dishes, nearly all minutely and lovingly decorated, frequently with embossed ornamentation. The exhibition has been set up in a specially-designed tent-like setting.

NOT only the authorities on the spot but most of those who had followed the movement of events and opinion were taken by surprise by the fierce revolutionary rioting in Léopoldville. The Belgian Congo had been regarded as less affected than most parts of Africa by the problems of independence and of race. The affair was violent, as a number of photographs show. Schools suffered severely. Looting was widespread, and one report states that Portuguese shops were singled out for attack at an early stage. The death-roll was high, probably higher than given in the latest reports. If the rioters were brutal, the native police seem to have been, as might indeed have been expected, far from gentle. Order was, however, restored with rapidity and no aftermath has been reported as I write.

Belgian rule in the Congo in the days when it was the personal possession of the Crown came under heavy and justified criticism. In recent times, however, Belgium has been considered, with equal reason, the most successful colonial Power in Africa. Her rule has been carefully planned ahead, calm, and firm. It has also been undeniably paternal, but in Europe at least there was little objection to this because it seemed to work so well. Up to less than a couple of years back, the Belgian Congo was rated as contented, and since then discontent had not appeared to

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE CONGO IS NOT IMMUNE FROM UNREST

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

faith spread by missionary endeavour would not appear to have been coloured by pro-Belgian propaganda, but it did not encourage a revolutionary spirit. Above all, the Congo has not witnessed the breaking-up of communities or the canker of migrant labour.

What, then, was the cause of the unhappy events at the beginning of this month? In the first place these concerned in the main only the Abako of the Lower Congo, some, at least, of whose leaders are now in custody. Secondly, impulsion in favour of independence has come from outside. In particular, it has come from French Equatorial Africa. Brazzaville lies opposite Léopoldville, on the north bank of the Congo River. This influence is certainly strong, but its effect can easily be exaggerated. It has been an accelerator rather than an originator. Education has been introduced cautiously into the Congo, but it has been recently expanded. It enables the natives to understand better what is going on elsewhere in Africa and indeed far beyond Africa.

expected at Léopoldville. Other troops who were going on leave by sea were stopped and sent back to the Congo by air.

On January 13 promises of progress were given, first in a broadcast by King Baudouin, then in declarations by Parliament. The latter, it should be noted, had been foreshadowed before the riots, though they may possibly have been amended as a result. Broadly speaking, the people of the Congo were told that the evolution to democracy would be quickened and that independence would be introduced without delay, but not precipitately; there would be elections held under universal suffrage of town and rural councillors, who would in their turn elect first provincial and then general councillors; and the provincial councils would be formed by March 1960. Liberties, racial discrimination, wages, and African access to the Civil Service were other points mentioned. It remains to be seen whether these reforms are fast enough for those Africans whose influence proves to be the decisive factor. As yet we cannot safely prophesy who these will be, much less what they will say.

As an example of the news that is coming into the Congo I may mention the amnesty for convicted Algerians, including reprieve for a large number of terrorists condemned to death, by the



BELGIAN PARATROOPERS SEARCHING A CAR IN WHICH AFRICANS WERE DRIVING INTO LÉOPOLDVILLE—ONE OF MANY SECURITY MEASURES TAKEN SINCE THE AFRICAN RIOTING.

penetrate fast or far. The Belgians themselves, in the colony and at home, have lately grumbled that the greater Powers, Britain and France, have made a muddle of their African affairs, for which Belgium would have to bear some of the consequences.

It would be most unjust to deny to the Belgian Government, or to its excellent officials, credit for their intelligence, their consistency and freedom from nervous experiment, in the period since the Second World War. At the same time, it must be noted that, though the territory was vast, it was also compact, spiritually as well as geographically. The chief complication was that one large area, that of Ruanda-Urundi, on the eastern side in the region of the lakes, was a Trust Territory of the United Nations. This, however, does not seem to have played any part in recent events, though it does influence the present and future because reforms in the Congo proper cannot be paralleled in Ruanda-Urundi and must be worked out separately with the United Nations.

The Belgian Government has never deferred to the views of its own colonists when they have been opposed to its measures, but here again it must have been aided by the fact that they were better disciplined and less unruly than those of, for example, Algeria. The success of Christianity, in the main naturally that of the Roman Catholic Church, has also been an important factor. The

Education is not needed to spread knowledge of the fact that something very important is going on. Peoples dwell astride political frontiers. Individuals or very small bodies often make astonishingly long journeys, sometimes virtually from one coast to the other. Those who know the Congo best are agreed that the urge towards independence is bred at home, however much its growth may have been stimulated from the north, the east, and the south. The sentiment is widespread that Africa belongs to the Africans, whether they be Arabs, Berbers, Somalis, Mandingoes, Bantu, or any other race. Fanatics would exclude Europeans from the list, but the more reasonable demand only that they should be put on a level with the rest.

The local authorities may have brought some of the trouble of January 4 upon their own heads. They refused to allow Europeans to establish defence committees, doubtless feeling that the example of Algeria, though it had certain points in its favour, had not in general brought about encouraging results. Perhaps they will be proved wise in the long run. The Belgian Government in no way underrated the serious nature of the occasion. Troops were promptly flown out from home and sent to Léopoldville, though their original rôle had been to replace others stationed in the colony who had been called to the capital. This measure suggests that further unrest was

President of the French Republic, causing dismay in European Algiers. A few days earlier a Kikuyu, Dr. Kiano, announced that African leaders would step up political pressure, that in future nobody should cast a vote unless all had a vote, that the system of certificates of loyalty should be brought to an end, and that the recent discovery of a subversive organisation had simply been a method of prolonging the emergency. And the Prime Minister of Ghana, Dr. Nkrumah, informed the world that the country would shortly become a republic. He also said there would be no trial of two Opposition members detained, presumably because the Government has no evidence against them.

I neither pretend to be an expert here nor write of the Congo with as much confidence as I should muster in dealing with a country which I had visited. I am inclined to believe, however, that the prospects of a scheme worked out with avoidance of bloodshed, hatred, haste, and error are better in the Congo than in most parts of Africa. Even the interval between writing and publication might put me wrong, but I feel that this incident at Léopoldville is not likely to be the first link in a chain of horrors such as occurred in Kenya. I hope I am right, because I feel strongly that the work of the Belgians in the Congo has recently been well done and that they deserve success in its final phases.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



AN AERIAL VIEW OF MATETE, A NEW AFRICAN SUBURB OF LEOPOLDVILLE, WHERE THERE HAS BEEN UNEMPLOYMENT AND OVERCROWDING.

BELGIAN CONGO. LEOPOLDVILLE,
SCENE OF RECENT AFRICAN RIOTS.

The rioting by Africans in Léopoldville, capital of the Belgian Congo, began on January 4, continuing the following day. Before order was restored, seventy-one Africans—according to an official announcement—were killed, and many more injured and arrested. Considerable damage was done to property. The violence followed the dispersal by police of a meeting of the Abako, the African organisation which was demanding immediate self-government for the Belgian Congo; and discontent caused by unemployment in Léopoldville was believed to be one of the causes of the outbreak. Shortly after the disturbances, the Belgian Parliament approved a decision to send out an investigating commission, and on Jan. 13, reforms in the Belgian Congo, leading to independence, were announced in Brussels—by King Baudouin in a broadcast and then in statements by ministers to Parliament. In his broadcast, the King said the people of the Congo would be led towards independence without delay, but also without inconsiderate haste. (Government statements on a new Congo policy had been promised before the Léopoldville riots.)

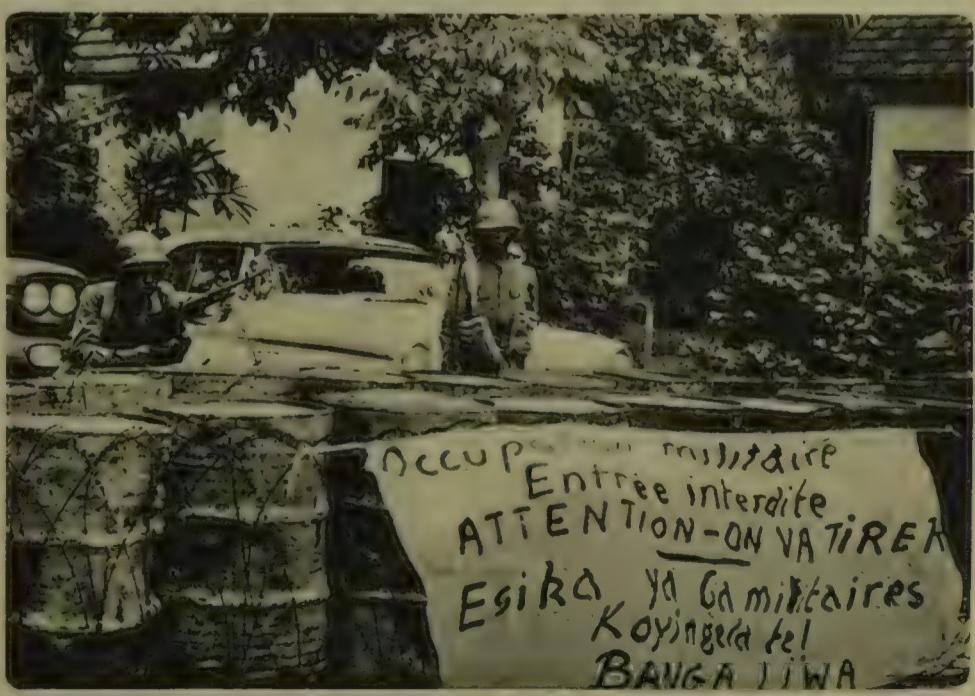
(Right.) SOLDIERS AMONG A CROWD OF AFRICANS WHO SHORTLY AFTERWARDS TOOK PART IN THE RIOTING AND PILLAGING IN LEOPOLDVILLE.



A VIEW OF LEOPOLDVILLE, SHOWING, IN THE CENTRE, THE BOULEVARD ALBERT I, ONE OF THE MAIN THOROUGHFARES, AND, RIGHT, THE CONGO RIVER.



DURING THE RIOTING IN LEOPOLDVILLE, IN WHICH MUCH DAMAGE WAS DONE AND AT LEAST SEVENTY AFRICANS KILLED: A VAN BEING OVERTURNED.



AFRICAN SOLDIERS MANNING ONE OF THE NUMEROUS ROAD BLOCKS SET UP TO PROTECT THE EUROPEAN PART OF LEOPOLDVILLE.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



ISKENDERON, TURKEY. SMOKE POURING FROM THE WRECKAGE OF THE PANAMIAN TANKER *MIRADOR* (20,762 TONS), AFTER AN EXPLOSION IN HARBOUR ON JANUARY 13. Six persons were known to be killed and eighteen missing after a violent explosion in *Mirador*, which destroyed both her and the tug *Imroz*, lying alongside. The tanker had been involved in a fire fifteen days before, when four of her crew were lost, and had been towed into Iskenderon.



OFF JAPAN. BUILT IN JAPAN FOR A JAPANESE COMPANY, THE TANKER *GOHO MARU* (43,736 TONS DEADWEIGHT) SEEN DURING HER TRIALS. LARGER TANKERS HAVE BEEN RECENTLY BUILT IN JAPAN TO U.S. ORDERS.



NEAR ROTTERDAM, THE NETHERLANDS. A LAUNCH UNDER A HANDICAP: THE BOWS OF THE TANKER *PRESIDENTE GETULIO* BESIDE THE DOCK GATE WHICH BROKE AWAY. On January 12, during the launching of the 33,000-ton tanker *Presidente Getulio* (built for a Brazilian owner) at the Verolme Shipyard, on Rozenburg island, a dock gate broke away and plunged into the water near the bows of the ship. A serious accident was narrowly averted.



KIEL, WEST GERMANY. THE FORMER ROYAL NAVY FRIGATE, *ACTAEON*, AFTER HER ARRIVAL AT KIEL ON TRANSFER TO THE WEST GERMAN NAVY ON JANUARY 10. This frigate, one of seven of the "Black Swan" and "Hunt" classes transferred to the Bundesmarine for training, is being renamed *Admiral Hipper*. Other frigates in course of transfer are *Hart*, *Mermaid*, *Flamingo*, *Albrighton* and *Eggesford*.



NEAR MONTREAL, CANADA. AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE ST. LAWRENCE, WHERE MANY VESSELS WERE CAUGHT IN THE ICE FOLLOWING THE SUDDEN FREEZING OF THE RIVER. AN INTENSE COLD WAVE STRUCK EASTERN CANADA AT THE END OF THE FIRST WEEK OF JANUARY.



HAMBURG, WEST GERMANY. A PICK-A-BACK RIDE TO INDONESIA: THE 120-TON CRUISER *STELLA MARIS*, BUILT FOR A MISSIONARY ORGANISATION IN INDONESIA, BEING LOADED ON BOARD THE FREIGHTER *DARMSTADT* FOR TRANSPORT TO SURABAYA.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



PRISSONERS INSIDE LA CABANA MILITARY PRISON, HAVANA, WHERE SOME 500 SUPPORTERS OF THE BATISTA REGIME WERE BEING HELD FOR TRIAL.



ANOTHER VIEW IN LA CABANA PRISON: A SCENE IN THE COURTYARD, SHOWING PRISONERS AWAITING TRIAL FOR THEIR ACTIVITIES DURING THE FORMER REGIME.



DURING THEIR TRIAL BY MILITARY TRIBUNAL AT SANTIAGO: AGENTS OF THE BATISTA REGIME, WHO WERE LATER CONVICTED AND SHOT.



AN AMERICAN, SERVING WITH DR. CASTRO'S FORCES, ON THE MASS GRAVE OF SEVENTY-ONE PEOPLE EXECUTED AT SANTIAGO ON JANUARY 12.



AN ARMY CAPTAIN UNDER THE BATISTA REGIME MAKES A PLEADING GESTURE DURING HIS TRIAL BY MILITARY TRIBUNAL IN COLON.



AT A MEETING IN HAVANA: DR. FIDEL CASTRO VIGOROUSLY ANSWERS UNITED STATES CRITICISM OF THE RECENT EXECUTIONS. HE SAID THEY WOULD CONTINUE, BUT NOT EXCEED 450.

CUBA. DETENTION, TRIAL AND EXECUTION: THE FATE OF SOME OF GENERAL BATISTA'S SUPPORTERS.

Seventy-one Cubans, said to have been supporters of the Batista régime, were on January 12 reported to have been executed at Santiago by members of the successful revolutionary movement. There were later reports of other similar executions, and by January 15 it was believed the executions had reached a total of 195. About 1500 suspected supporters of ex-President Batista were reported to have been arrested. Señor Roberto Agramonte, the new Cuban Foreign Minister, has publicly defended the executions and

Dr. Fidel Castro told a crowd, which assembled outside the Presidential Palace in Havana, in protest against foreign criticism of the killings, that the number of "war criminals" executed would not exceed 450. The death sentences which have been carried out in Cuba since January 12 have been strongly criticised in the United States. (On January 4 the revolutionary movement sentenced to death *in absentia* the former President, General Batista, who was to be sought and exterminated wherever he was.)

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



TOKYO, JAPAN. THE FIANCÉE OF THE CROWN PRINCE (CENTRE) WITH HER PARENTS ACCEPTING THE CEREMONIAL GIFTS FROM THE EMISSARY (RIGHT) OF THE IMPERIAL HOUSEHOLD. The betrothal of the Crown Prince Akihito of Japan and Miss Michiko Shoda, which was formally approved on November 27, was officially confirmed on January 14 when traditional gifts of fish, rice wine and cloth were sent from the Palace for her acceptance.



TOKYO, JAPAN. AFTER A CALL AT THE PALACE : THE CROWN PRINCE'S BETROTHED, MISS MICHIKO SHODA, WITH HER FATHER AND MOTHER. HER FATHER IS PRESIDENT OF A FLOUR MILL COMPANY.



PARIS, FRANCE. M. DEBRE, THE NEW PREMIER OF FRANCE (BEFORE THE MICROPHONES), PRESENTING HIS PROGRAMME.
ABOVE IS THE PRESIDENT OF THE CHAMBER, M. CHABAN-DELMAS.

The new Government of France met in force on January 15 to hear the new Premier, M. Debré, announce his programme. The session opened with the President of the Chamber reading a message from President de Gaulle. M. Debré's speech stressed the importance of France's rôle, and he repeated General de Gaulle's offer of a safe conduct for the Algerian rebel leaders.



SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES. TWO NEW UNIFORMS UNDER CONSIDERATION FOR THE AUSTRALIAN ARMY : (LEFT) A GREEN FIELD UNIFORM WITH PEAKED CAP ; AND (RIGHT) A "WALKING-OUT" UNIFORM.



CAIRO, EGYPT. CHRISTMAS GREETINGS IN PRISON : MR. JAMES ZARB (LEFT) AND MR. JAMES SWINBURN, NOW SERVING PRISON SENTENCES. The question of the two British subjects, now serving prison sentences in Cairo for alleged espionage, was purposefully excluded from the Anglo-Egyptian discussions ; but it is believed that the prospects of the release in the near future are considerably greater, but not as part of a bargain.



CAIRO, EGYPT. DURING THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN FINANCIAL TALKS : (EXTREME RIGHT) DR. KAISSOUNY, U.A.R. MINISTER OF ECONOMY, AND (ON HIS RIGHT) SIR DENIS RICKETT. The Anglo-Egyptian financial talks, which entered their final stage with the arrival on January 12 of the chief of the British delegation, Sir Denis Rickett, were concluded on January 17, but the signature and publication of the terms were postponed for a few days. It was expected that Egypt would pay £27,500,000 compensation.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—V.



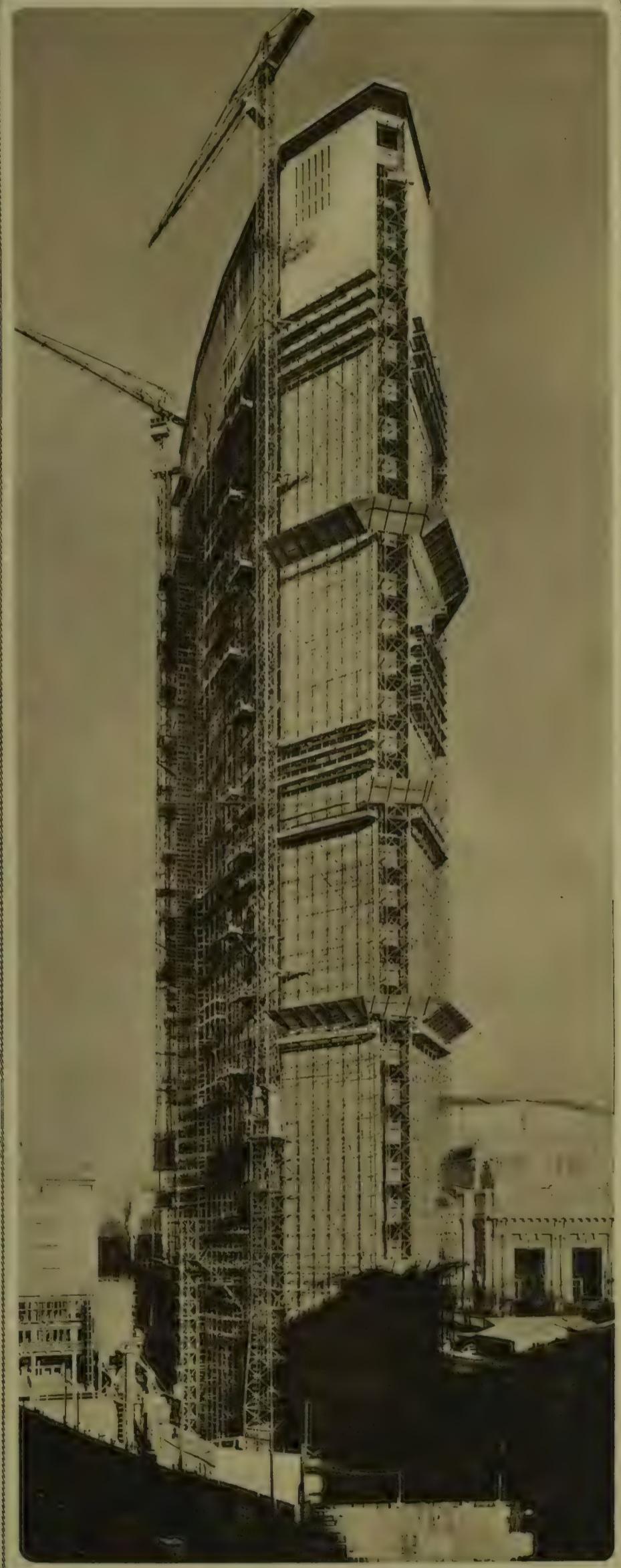
MILAN, ITALY. AN AERIAL VIEW OF A NEW HELICOPTER PORT, RECENTLY LAID OUT IN MILAN. IT IS UNDERSTOOD THAT CONSTRUCTION IS NOT YET COMPLETE AND THE PORT IS NOT YET READY FOR USE.



SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES. A VIEW OF THE FIRST DAY OF THE THIRD TEST, WHICH ENGLAND MANAGED TO DRAW : DAVIDSON IS SEEN BOWLING TO THE ENGLISH CAPTAIN, PETER MAY. The third Test, which opened at Sydney on January 9, started with England two down in the series and after a match of many vicissitudes England managed a draw. The scores were : England, 219 and 287 for 7 ; Australia, 357 and 54 for 2.



COLORADO, U.S.A. A TITAN TRAVELS BY AIR : A HUGE INTER-CONTINENTAL BALLISTIC MISSILE ABOUT TO BE LOADED INTO A DOUGLAS C133 AIRCRAFT AT DENVER. For the first time, it is claimed, a huge *Titan* missile was recently shipped by air from Denver, Colorado, to Cape Canaveral, Florida. The aircraft used was a Douglas C133, which is believed to be the only one capable of accommodating the *Titan*.



MILAN, ITALY. A NEW LANDMARK FOR CENTRAL MILAN : THE HUGE PIRELLI SKYSCRAPER, WHICH IS NOW NEARING COMPLETION. IT STANDS NEAR THE TERMINUS. This gigantic skyscraper—by European standards—stands near the Milan terminal, and is now nearing completion. It has been built for the Pirelli organisation and it will provide office accommodation for some 6000 people. It is already a source of great pride to the citizens of Milan.



ARISTOCRATS IN THE DOCK.

"TRIED BY THEIR PEERS." By RUPERT FURNEAUX.*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

READERS of "Coningsby" will remember that Disraeli put into the mouth of Mr. Millbank the observation, "My father has often told me that in his early days the displeasure of a peer of England was like a sentence of death to a man," and this state of affairs had not a little to do with the fact that from mediæval times until 1948 Peers of the Realm on indictment for treason or felony, or misprision, but not for misdemeanours, were tried by the House of Lords. Originally this procedure was forced upon the Crown by Magna Carta as a safeguard against arbitrary action on the part of the Sovereign, but in later days it was retained because, while a peer might overawe a jury in his own district, his fellow-noblemen would be less likely to be browbeaten. It was abolished when it had become such an anachronism that a peer tried by his fellows stood every chance of receiving a sentence far heavier than a commoner would have done at the Old Bailey.

In this present volume Mr. Furneaux, after a scholarly preface, gives a number of examples of the trial of peers by their fellows, and it is very mixed fare that he puts before us, ranging from the Jacobite lords of the Forty-Five, who were tried for doing what they believed to be right, and the Earl and Countess of Somerset for doing what they knew to be wrong, to the late Earl Russell, who was convicted of bigamy on a technicality, and the present Lord de Clifford, who was involved in a motor accident on the Kingston By-pass.

One thing all these trials had in common—they raised an enormous amount of public interest. The trial of the Earl and Countess of Somerset in 1616 as accessories to the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury in the Tower was one of the great attractions of the early seventeenth century; when Lady Somerset was accused she proved to be pregnant, so there was a delay until she had been delivered, and this naturally heightened the popular interest in the case. Prices for seats were high—namely, five pounds each; say fifty in terms of modern currency—and ticket-holders had to be in their places by six o'clock in the morning, although the proceedings did not begin until ten. One who was present has left it on record that the Countess "won pity by her sober demeanour, which, in my opinion, was more curious and confident than was fit for a lady in such distress, yet she shed or made show of some tears at divers times." However this may be, she pleaded guilty, which considerably hampered her husband's defence when his time came to be tried. Both husband and wife were convicted, but neither was called upon to suffer the extreme penalty.

What added piquancy to these earlier cases was that until 1695 the accused were not allowed counsel, and even after that date counsel could only argue points of law on their behalf. Nevertheless, the awe-inspiring nature of the tribunal does not always seem to have acted as a deterrent, for Lord Mohun, a quarrelsome character

in the reign of Anne, was twice tried by his peers for murder before he was twenty.

The author is quite right to devote a great deal of space to the trial of Earl Ferrers, who murdered his steward in the most barbarous manner in the last months of the reign of George II. He pleaded insanity, and the evidence in support of this makes very interesting reading, though as Mr. Furneaux comments:

He spoilt the effect of the evidence he called to establish his insanity by his skilful questions. His plea was rejected, as it would have been today, for his behaviour after the crime proved (as we would now say) that he knew the nature and quality of his act. In the twentieth century, however, he would probably have been respite on the ground that he was in fact too mentally deranged to be executed. The case of Ronald True, between whom and Earl Ferrers there is considerable similarity, has shown that while an insane person may be legitimately found guilty, he will not be hanged.

The aunt of Lord Ferrers was no less a person than the Countess of Huntingdon, the "Saint Teresa of the Methodists" as Horace Walpole described her, and when he had been sentenced to be hanged—the legend that he was allowed a silken rope as a privilege of his rank appears to have no foundation in fact—he asked to see his mistress, a Mrs. Clifford, before

he died, but this request was refused on the advice of Lady Huntingdon, who declared that "it would be letting him die in adultery."



A PORTRAIT OF THE DUCHESS OF KINGSTON OWNED BY THE BRITISH MUSEUM. SHE WAS CONVICTED BY THE HOUSE OF LORDS OF BIGAMY: ONE OF THE CASES DESCRIBED IN MR. FURNEAUX' BOOK.

These illustrations are reproduced by permission of the Publishers, Messrs. Cassell and Company Ltd.



THE EXECUTION OF EARL FERRERS AT TYBURN: AN ENGRAVING IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM. THIS MURDER CASE WAS ONE OF THE MOST COLOURFUL IN THE 18TH CENTURY. MR. FURNEAUX DEVOTES A CHAPTER TO IT IN HIS BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

The procession from the Tower to Tyburn was one of the most remarkable that London has ever seen. There were thousands of people waiting when it commenced at nine o'clock in the morning of May 5, 1760. First went a string of constables; then one of the Sheriffs in a coach-and-six, with the horses decorated with ribbons; after that came Lord Ferrers, in his own coach-and-six, with his coachman on the box, and dragoons riding on either side; while the procession was terminated by two more coaches and a detachment of Household Cavalry. Ferrers displayed the utmost unconcern, and showed himself freely to the crowds that lined the route, for, as he put it to the Sheriff who was in the carriage with him, "They never saw a lord hanged, and perhaps will never see another."

The scaffold was hung with black, and under the gallows instead of the usual cart was a

platform, which was to be struck from under the condemned man. Unfortunately for Ferrers, this contrivance did not work properly, since his toes touched it; however, the executioners got hold of his legs as they were dangling, and by pulling his misery in a few minutes. After that the lesser minions of the law started eating and drinking on the scaffold while the corpse was hanging over their heads, and even helped one of their friends up to join them. When they had finished, the procession re-formed, and the body was taken to Surgeons' Hall to be dissected, while at Tyburn there was a free fight for souvenirs in the shape of the rope and the black cloth.

Then there was the case of Elizabeth Chudleigh, who bigamously married the Duke of Kingston, and was duly tried and convicted by the House of Lords, for since 1442 peeresses had possessed the same rights as peers in this respect. The reason for such an extension of the privilege was that in the previous year the Duchess of Gloucester had been brought to trial before an ecclesiastical court on a charge of witchcraft: this court consisted of the reigning monarch, Henry VI, two cardinals and five bishops, and the Duchess was accused of having made, with the assistance of a lady known as the Witch of Eye, a waxen image of the King which she had put in front of the fire with the design that as it slowly lost its form Henry might sink into the grave. She did not stand much chance before such a tribunal; she was found guilty and was sentenced to a penance in the Isle of Man, during the course of which she died. This case, which was brought for political motives, made the peers realise that they were vulnerable through their wives, and so the privilege was extended to them.

The evidence in the Chudleigh trial makes very good reading indeed, and some of it was so spicy that it is in no way surprising to be told that no fewer than 117 of their lordships were present on the occasion. In the end the defendant was found guilty, but as her real husband had by this time become Earl of Bristol she pleaded the benefit of peerage as being a first offender, and so escaped punishment. She was clearly an oversexed and somewhat unscrupulous lady, with a taste for publicity, for we are told that in the days of her youth when she was a Maid of Honour to the Princess of Wales, she appeared at a masquerade at Somerset House in a state of such undress that Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu wrote: "She was Iphigenia for the sacrifice, but so naked that the Maids of Honour, not of maids the strictest, were so offended that they would not speak to her," and her Royal mistress threw a shawl round her shoulders. Elizabeth Chudleigh would, in effect, have proved a godsend to the gossip-writers of to-day when, as the author comments, she "would have had easier worlds to conquer, for she could have been married as often as she liked."

In Victorian times there was the trial of the Earl of Cardigan of subsequent Balaclava fame for wounding a man in a duel, and in his case, as in the others in this book, the interest lies not so much in the issues at stake as in the light which the evidence throws upon contemporary life and conditions.



MR. RUPERT FURNEAUX, AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED HERE.

Mr. Rupert Furneaux was educated at Eastbourne College, and has written some fifteen books, chiefly on historical mysteries and modern criminal cases. He has also written two books on the origins of Christianity, and biographies of William Howard Russell and of his own ancestor Tobias Furneaux. He has made detailed investigations into unsolved murder cases, but does not consider himself to be a specialist in any subject. He is a keen golfer and has been County Champion of Sussex.

on them they put him out of the lesser minnows of the law started eating and drinking on the scaffold while the corpse was hanging over their heads, and even helped one of their friends up to join them. When they had finished, the procession re-formed, and the body was taken to Surgeons' Hall to be dissected, while at Tyburn there was a free fight for souvenirs in the shape of the rope and the black cloth.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



A CUBAN EMBASSY APPOINTMENT:

SEÑOR JUSTO GARCIA VELEZ.

Señor Justo García Vélez, formerly Minister at the Cuban Embassy in London, has taken over as Chargé d'Affaires from the former Ambassador, Dr. Roberto González de Mendoza y de la Torre, whose appointment has been terminated. The announcement was made on January 16. Señor Sergio Rojas Santamarina, previously an organiser of the July 26 movement in Venezuela, is Cuba's Ambassador-designate to Britain.



A CLASH OF GOVERNMENTS IN THE SNOW: THE BRITISH PARLIAMENTARY SKI-TEAM, WHICH MET THE SWISS PARLIAMENTARY TEAM AT DAVOS.

The British ski-team which lost the annual British-Swiss Parliamentary ski-race was: Mr. Aubrey Jones (Minister of Supply), Mr. Spence, Mr. Orr-Ewing, Mr. Pitman, Lord Selkirk, Colonel Harrison, Mr. Irving and Mr. Goodhart. In the absence of Mr. Marples, strong hopes rested on Mr. Aubrey Jones.



AN EMINENT LABOUR AND OXFORD FIGURE:

THE LATE PROFESSOR G. D. H. COLE.

Professor G. D. H. Cole, well known as an active intellectual of the Labour movement and from 1944 to 1957 Chichele Professor of Social and Political Theory at Oxford, died on Jan. 16 at the age of 69. A Socialist from an early age, he wrote prolifically on economic and political subjects, one of his outstanding works being a history of Socialist thought. In recent years he was Chairman of the Nuffield College Social Reconstruction Survey.

(Left.)
SECRETARY-GENERAL
OF I.M.C.O.

MR. OVE NIELSEN.
Mr. Ove Nielsen has been elected Secretary-General of a new United Nations specialised Agency, the Inter-Governmental Maritime Consultative Organisation. Mr. Nielsen is 65, has held several shipping posts in the Danish Government, and has received decorations for his work from many countries.

Photograph: United Nations.

(Right.)
CANADIAN GIRL TO
HELP WITH ROYAL
TOUR.

Petty Officer Rosalee Auger, Royal Canadian Navy, is to join the Buckingham Palace staff for duties connected with the Queen's visit to Canada this summer. She is to be private secretary to Mr. Esmond Butler, Assistant Press Secretary to the Queen. She has been chosen for her ability, appearance, tact and her qualities as a stenographer.

(Right.)
DEATH OF A BRAVE
NORWEGIAN CHURCH
LEADER.

Dr. Eivind Berggrav, Bishop of Oslo from 1937 to 1950, died suddenly on Jan. 14, aged 74. He was principally known outside Norway for his brave resistance to the traitor Quisling, and to the Nazi régime. The Nazis were unwilling to put him to death, but instead placed him in a concentration camp and charged him with treason.

COMMANDER NOBLE, WHO HAS LEFT
THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

Commander Allan Noble has resigned from politics "to give more time to the development of other interests." He is fifty, has represented Chelsea since 1945, and has recently been Minister of State for Foreign Affairs. Under Sir Anthony Eden he was Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty. In 1956 he took over his present post after Mr. Nutting resigned.

MR. JOHN PROFUMO, WHO IS
COMMANDER NOBLE'S SUCCESSOR.

Mr. John Profumo has been appointed Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, following the resignation of Commander Noble. Only last November Mr. Profumo went to the Foreign Office to fill the vacancy of Joint Parliamentary Under Secretary of State. He has been a member of the Government since 1952 and is married to Miss Valerie Hobson, the actress.



(Left.)
A PRINCIPAL BAL-
LERINA, THE LATE
MME. KYASHT.
Mme. Lydia Kyasht, the celebrated Russian ballerina, died in London on Jan. 12, aged 73. She came to England in 1908 and was called "as pretty as a china doll." During her five years at the Empire she won outstanding praise from critics. She danced the Firebird for Diaghilev in 1912, and worked with him again after 1918.

FRENCH CLEMENCY TO ALGERIANS:
MESSALI HADJ.

Messali Hadj, leader of the Algerian National Movement, who has spent the last three years in restricted residence on Belle-Ile, was to be released, and allowed to live at liberty in France but not to return to Algeria, under the sweeping measures of clemency towards captured Algerian nationalists announced in Paris on January 13.

A SCOTTISH HORTICULTURALIST
HONOURED: MR. R. SCARLETT.

Mr. Robert Scarlett, of Musselburgh, one of Scotland's foremost market gardeners, is the recipient of two outstanding horticultural honours. On January 14 he received the first Scottish Horticultural Medal of the Royal Caledonian Horticultural Society; and on February 24 receives the Victoria Medal of Honour from the Royal Horticultural Society.

A PIONEER OF AERO ENGINES IS
HONOURED: MR. G. GREEN.

Mr. Gustavus Green, who is ninety-three, has been made an Honorary Companion of the Royal Aeronautical Society for his contribution to the design and development of early aero engines. He designed some of the first notable aero engines which were used in many successful pioneer flights. Mr. Green is one year older than the Society itself.

SCHOLAR, CHURCHMAN AND WIT:
THE LATE CANON JENKINS.

Canon Claude Jenkins, who died on January 17, was a man of learning, wit and eccentricity. He had been Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, and Canon and Sub-Dean of Christ Church. He was particularly well known for his lectures, sermons, and speeches at the Oxford Union. He professed an equal aversion to matrimony and cats.

FRANKLIN MEDAL FOR MANAGING
DIRECTOR OF ENGLISH ELECTRIC.

The Benjamin Franklin medal for 1959 has been awarded to Mr. Henry Nelson, Managing Director of the English Electric Co. Ltd. It is for early distinction in the promotion of arts, manufactures and commerce. He is forty-two, and succeeded his father as Managing Director in 1956. Mr. Nelson is a member of a number of Government committees.

SIR WINSTON'S WEATHER, IN MOROCCO.



LADY CHURCHILL, ON THE BALCONY OF THE SUITE IN THE HOTEL MAMOUNIA, MARRAKESH, WHICH SHE AND SIR WINSTON ARE OCCUPYING DURING THEIR HOLIDAY.



... AND THE FOREGROUND OF THE VIEW SHE WOULD SEE FROM THE BALCONY, WHICH ALSO COMMANDS A DISTANT VIEW OF THE SNOW-CAPPED ATLAS MOUNTAINS.



SIR WINSTON RETURNING TO HIS HOTEL AFTER A STROLL IN MARRAKESH. THE MOROCCAN GOVERNMENT HAS PLACED A CAR AT HIS DISPOSAL.

ON January 12 Sir Winston and Lady Churchill arrived in Marrakesh for a holiday of several weeks. They had flown from London in a chartered aircraft placed at their disposal by Mr. Aristotle Onassis, the shipowner. At Marrakesh Airport two companies of Moroccan troops formed a guard of honour and the British Ambassador, Sir Charles Beresford Duke, and the Governor of the Province, Omar ben Shemsi, were there to welcome him; and a crowd cheered their arrival. Soon after, Sir Winston and Lady Churchill drove to the Hotel Mamounia, where they were occupying an eight-room suite. It was the first visit Sir Winston had paid to Marrakesh for eight years and it was expected that he would stay several weeks. On January 14 he drove round Marrakesh in a car the Moroccan Government had placed at his disposal and in the morning enjoyed the warm sun on his balcony—a pleasant thought when contrasted with the photographs on the right.

... AND THE WEATHER HE LEFT BEHIND.

ON January 11, the severe winter conditions which had been affecting Scotland swept southwards and snow and ice soon had a firm grip on nearly every county in Great Britain. Road conditions were especially bad, both with snow-drifts and icing. On January 14 fresh blizzards fell in the West Country, Surrey, Sussex and Hampshire, and the A.A. described conditions as the worst of the winter. Meanwhile on January 13, London and much of the Home Counties were suffering from a blanket of fog, which also severely affected Lancashire and parts of the Midlands. On January 18 temperatures rose sharply and in the afternoon in London 50 degrees was recorded. In general, throughout the country a rapid thaw was followed by fog and flooding; there were floods in Leicestershire, the Stour Valley and North Dorset, and fog in the Lake District and parts of Yorkshire. The mild weather was expected to continue.



SNOWDRIFTS NEAR LOUTH, IN LINCOLNSHIRE, WHERE WORKMEN HAD TO DIG A WAY OUT FOR THE SNOW-PLough TO WORK. FIVE PEOPLE WERE TRAPPED IN A LINCOLN-LOUTH BUS.



IN COUNTY DURHAM : A ROAD DEEPLY BLOCKED WITH SNOWDRIFTS, NOT MORE THAN SIX MILES FROM NEWCASTLE CENTRAL STATION. ON JANUARY 11 NEARLY ALL COUNTIES WERE AFFECTED.



KEEPING DUTCH RAILWAYS RUNNING : A BUTANE TANKER REFILLING CYLINDERS OF BUTANE GAS WHICH ARE USED TO KEEP THE POINTS FREE OF ICE DURING WINTER.

RUSSIA'S DEPUTY PREMIER IN THE UNITED STATES: MR. MIKOYAN'S SUCCESSFUL TOUR.



A VISIT TO THE LAW CLUB OF CHICAGO: MR. MIKOYAN, THE SOVIET DEPUTY PREMIER, WITH MR. ADLAI STEVENSON (RIGHT) AND MR. RICHARD BENTLEY, PRESIDENT OF THE CLUB.



AT THE FAIRMONT HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO: A CHECK FOR RADIOACTIVITY BEING MADE ON FOOD WHICH WAS BEING TAKEN TO MR. MIKOYAN'S TABLE.



A MEETING IN WASHINGTON: MR. MIKOYAN PHOTOGRAPHED WITH MR. DULLES, THE U.S. SECRETARY OF STATE. BERLIN AND GERMAN UNIFICATION WERE AMONG THE PROBLEMS DISCUSSED DURING THE TALKS IN WASHINGTON.



IN HOLLYWOOD: MR. MIKOYAN, WITH HIS INTERPRETER, CHATTING TO MISS SOPHIA LOREN, WHO WAS MAKING A FILM AT THE PARAMOUNT STUDIOS. IN HOLLYWOOD ALSO, MR. MIKOYAN WAS WARMLY GREETED BY THE COMEDIAN JERRY LEWIS.



MR. KHRUSHCHEV'S GIFT TO AN AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE: MR. MIKOYAN, CENTRE, CLASPS MR. CYRUS EATON'S HAND DURING THE PRESENTATION, ON MR. KHRUSHCHEV'S BEHALF, OF A TROIKA AND THREE-HORSE TEAM.



AT THE WHITE HOUSE: MR. MIKOYAN WITH PRESIDENT EISENHOWER AND MR. DULLES. IN THE BACKGROUND ARE MR. MENSHIKOV, SOVIET AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES, CENTRE, AND MR. THOMPSON, U.S. AMBASSADOR TO THE SOVIET UNION.

IN spite of occasional hostile demonstrations, Mr. Mikoyan's tour of the United States was an undoubtedly success. Among the occasions on which the amiable and lively Soviet Deputy Premier was given a more than friendly reception was a dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria hotel in New York. Here he was enthusiastically applauded by a large gathering of American businessmen as he spoke on the need for increased trade between Russia and the United States and for competitive but peaceful co-existence. The dinner was given by the Economic Club of New York, and followed his luncheon with a group of bankers in the heart of the Wall Street district. Shortly before his departure—he was to leave on Jan. 20—Mr. Mikoyan had further discussions with Mr. Dulles, and attended a lunch with members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, at which he said Russia might be willing to discuss the withdrawal of troops for 500 miles on each side of the Elbe. On Jan. 17 he met President Eisenhower, to discuss—it was announced—Germany, and other major problems. After these talks, an early meeting of Foreign Ministers to seek a solution to the Berlin question was expected.



HOW AN INFLATABLE LIFE RAFT OF THE TYPE WHICH SAVED SEVENTEEN OF FREYA'S CREW OPERATED AT SEA. THE LAST DRAWING SHOWS MEN JUMPING DOWN ON TO THE CANOPY.



THE 274-TON FISHERY PROTECTION VESSEL FREYA, WHICH FOUNDRED OFF CAITHNESS ON JANUARY 9. SEVENTEEN OF HER CREW OF TWENTY WERE SAVED DIPITE TERRIBLE CONDITIONS.

THE 20-MAN ELLIOT MARINER LIFE RAFT, SHOWN IN DIAGRAM. THE RAFT IN THE FREYA WAS A SMALLER TYPE, THE ELLIOT 12-MAN SKIPPER.



AFTER HIS RESCUE: FIRST OFFICER C. M. COULL, WHO WAS THE LAST PERSON TO SEE THE MASTER, COMMANDER G. B. MACLAREN, BEFORE THE DISASTER.

SOME OF THE SURVIVORS OF FREYA STANDING ON THE QUAY AT INVERGORDON AFTER THEIR RESCUE BY THE BELGIAN TRAWLER, ST. JAN BERICMANNS, NEARLY 5 HOURS AFTER THE SINKING.

ALL THE SURVIVORS OF FREYA (EXCEPT FIRST OFFICER COULL) SITTING DOWN TO THEIR FIRST MEAL AT INVERGORDON, AFTER THEIR RESCUE FROM THE ICY AND RAGING SEA OFF CAITHNESS.

A little over a year ago (in our issue of January 4, 1958) we published a series of drawings illustrating the working and use of modern inflatable life rafts; and it is from that issue that we reproduce the drawings at the top of these two pages. On January 9 this year, one of these rafts, an Elliot twelve-man Skipper life raft fully proved its worth in violent and icy storms off Caithness. This incident took place in complete darkness soon after 4 a.m. under gale Force 10 (60 m.p.h.) conditions when a freak wave struck the fishery protection vessel *Freya* (274 tons) on her port quarter and she heeled to a 45-degree angle. Two further waves followed in rapid succession,

sending *Freya* right over to her side, and in fifteen minutes the vessel disappeared beneath the waves. Meantime, with the ship lying almost horizontal and all lights out, the bos'n, who was on the upper deck, scrambled aft and, assisted by several seamen, freed the Elliot twelve-man Skipper life raft and launched it overboard. The Chief Officer attempted to get out the lifeboats but this was found to be impossible. Seventeen members of the crew leapt on to the canopy of the raft. The master, who was not seen after the first wave struck, and two seamen went down with the ship. The survivors manoeuvred beneath the canopy into the raft and, despite the fact

that some of the men were naked, others clad only in undershirts and pyjamas, the Chief Engineer noted that once they were under the canopy they were reasonably warm. The emergency pack was opened, the food distributed and the pyrotechnics placed ready for immediate use. No radio distress signal could be sent out. Fortunately, nearly five hours later a Belgian trawler, *St. Jan Berchmans*, was nearby, the distress signals were fired and sighted despite the raging blizzard. The trawler hove-to and took off the seventeen survivors and was also able to recover the raft. It is worth noting that the life raft was at the time 40 per cent. overloaded.

THE TWELVE-MAN INFLATABLE LIFE RAFT, WHICH SAVED THE LIVES OF SEVENTEEN MEN IN TERRIBLE SEAS, SEEN LYING ON THE DECK OF THE BELGIAN TRAWLER, WHICH TOOK BOTH THE MEN AND RAFT ON BOARD.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

ACCORDING to the Dictionary of Gardening (Royal Horticultural Society), there are "about eight species" of *Shortia*, of which only two are described—

Shortia galacifolia and *S. uniflora*. Those two are the only species which I have ever met, and the only ones which I have ever seen offered in nursery catalogues.

THE SHORTIAS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

good fortune to meet. *Shortia galacifolia* is essentially a plant for half-open woodland, or at any rate a shady or half-shady position, and in the sort of acid or peaty soil which pleases rhododendrons and azaleas. On the other hand, it may be grown in a pan in the Alpine house, still in the same type of soil, and discreetly shaded during hot summer weather.

S. galacifolia, and it demands the same acid, peaty, non-lime soil conditions and the same cool, half-shade position. The thin, glossy, leathery leaves are rounder in outline and their edges are saw-edged. The flowers vary in individual specimens from white to pale pink, and in the normal type species they are a good deal larger than in *Shortia galacifolia*—a good inch across—and the edges of the petals, like the leaves, are serrated. But there is a variety, called *Shortia uniflora grandiflora*, which has very much larger flowers—a good inch-and-a-half across, and these truly lovely wonder flowers seem to be produced with even greater freedom than in the type. It is indeed one of the loveliest hardy plants that I know, and it is one of those species which sometimes make me wish—almost—that I lived and gardened on what I can best describe as a rhododendron soil. When I lived in Hertfordshire I was on the chalk, though I did grow *Shortia uniflora grandiflora* fairly successfully in pots with specially prepared soil. And now I live in the Cotswolds, on a soil which is stiff with oolitic limestone.

However, I have decided to have another bash at *S.u.g.* in an old stone trough (non-limestone) on the north side of my house, and filled with a specially acid soil confection. How tiresome is this itch to grow certain plants which are entirely unsuited to one's local conditions of soil and climate. But what fun! And how very satisfactory when one manages to fool those conditions, or to persuade the unfortunate plants that they have got what they want and can enjoy.

Once upon a time I had quite a large importation of *Shortia uniflora grandiflora* from Japan. They arrived in unbelievably perfect condition, and were soon well established in pots at my nursery. I forget exactly how many there were, but I do remember that I gave—yes, gave—a hundred of those plants to a garden famous for its rhododendrons. I never heard how they fared. What very silly things one is apt to do from time to time!

The finest specimens of *Shortia uniflora grandiflora* that I ever saw were growing under perfect natural conditions of soil and aspect on Mr. C. J. Marchant's Keepers Hill Nursery, at Stapehill, Wimborne, in Dorset. There were great sturdy clumps of the plant a foot or two across, which were carrying hundreds of the lovely, waxy-looking, shell-pink blossoms.

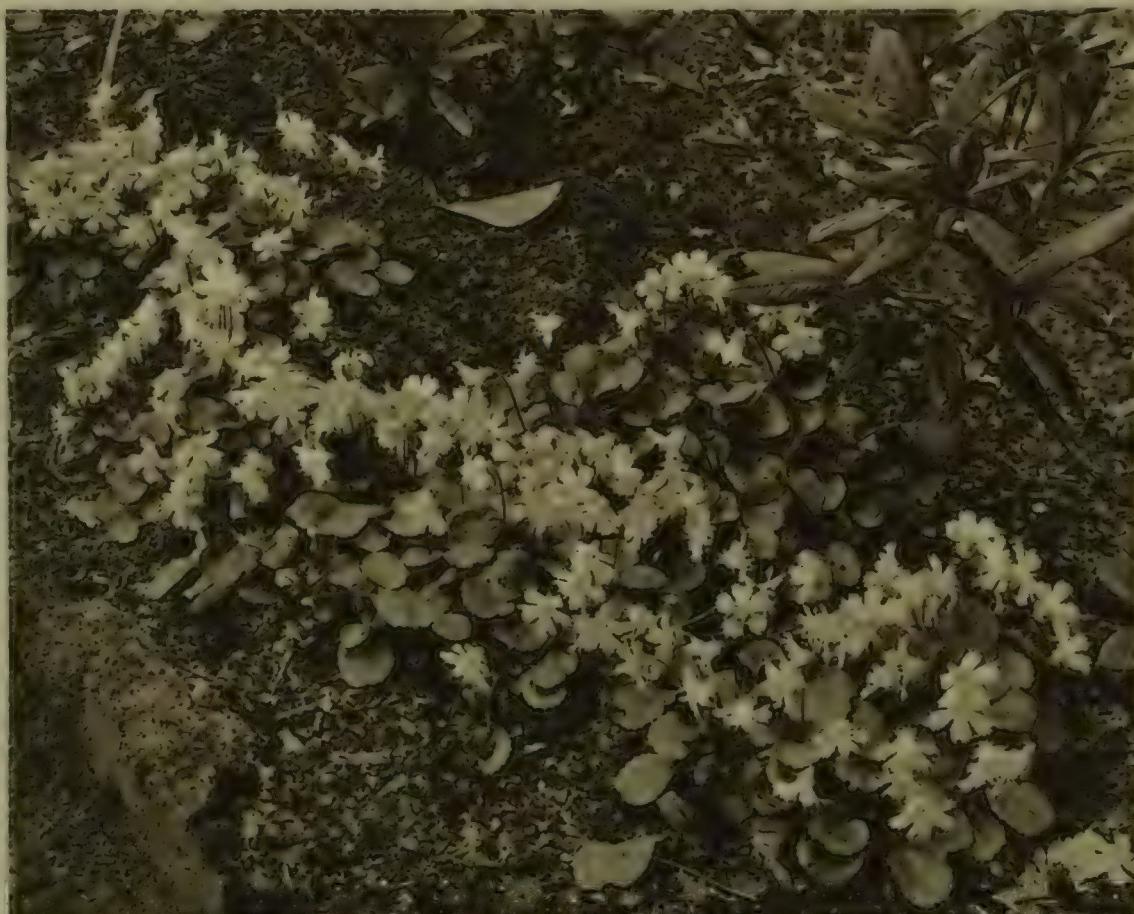


"IT IS INDEED ONE OF THE LOVELIEST HARDY PLANTS I KNOW": *SHORTIA UNIFLORA GRANDIFLORA*, WITH FRINGED WHITE TO PINK FLOWERS "A GOOD INCH - AND - A - HALF ACROSS."

Photograph by D. F. Merrett.

Shortia galacifolia is a dwarf woodland plant, a native of North Carolina, first introduced to this country in 1881. Of tufted habit and reaching a height of about 6 or 8 ins., it has rather thin, shining, leathery, oval leaves carried singly on slender, wiry stems. In autumn these leaves tend to turn to tawny crimson and are then particularly attractive. The white blossoms, however, are the main attraction. White, fading to pink with age, and of wide-open bell shape, they measure about an inch across, with the edges of the petals deeply fringed. They are carried on 4- to 5-in. wiry red stems, and make their appearance in spring and early summer. An all-time pink variety has been reported, but this I have never had the

Shortia uniflora, the Japanese species, is an even lovelier plant than *S. galacifolia*. In general habit and leaf it is not far removed from



GROWING IN ASSOCIATION WITH RHODODENDRONS: "GREAT STURDY CLUMPS" OF *SHORTIA UNIFLORA GRANDIFLORA* "A FOOT OR TWO ACROSS . . . CARRYING HUNDREDS OF THE LOVELY, WAXY-LOOKING, SHELL-PINK BLOSSOMS." (Photograph by J. E. Downward.)



A SOLUTION TO EVERY GIFT PROBLEM.

THE gift of a subscription to *The Illustrated London News* is surely the ideal choice on the occasion of weddings and anniversaries of friends, relatives or business acquaintances at home or abroad. Fifty-two copies of *The Illustrated London News*, together with the magnificent Christmas Number, will be a continuing reminder of the donor and provide twelve months of interesting reading and the best pictorial presentation of the events and personalities of the day. For readers in the United Kingdom the simplest way is to place orders with any bookstall manager or newsagent; or a cheque or postal order may be sent to our Subscription Department.

For readers outside the United Kingdom we suggest the simplest method is to buy an International Money Order (obtainable at post offices throughout the world) and send this with your requirements to our Subscription Department.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"

Published at 2/6 Weekly

| THESE TERMS ARE INCLUSIVE OF POSTAGE | 12 months and Xmas No. | 6 months and Xmas No. | 6 months no extras. |
|--------------------------------------|------------------------|------------------------|-----------------------|
| Great Britain and Eire | £ s. d. | £ s. d. | £ s. d. |
| Canada | 7 12 0 | 3 18 6 | 3 14 0 |
| U.S.A. | 7 0 6 (or \$19.50) | 3 12 6 (or \$10.50) | 3 8 0 (or \$10.00) |
| Elsewhere abroad | \$22.50 | \$11.50 | \$11.00 |
| | 7 14 6 | 3 19 6 | 3 15 0 |

ORDERS TO: SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT (LN), INGRAM HOUSE, 195-198, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

FROM GRIMSBY TO HAVANA: THE CUBAN PRESIDENT, AND RECENT EVENTS.



AT THE AUCTION OF THE FIRST ICELANDIC CATCH LANDED AT GRIMSBY SINCE ICELAND IMPOSED THE TWELVE-MILE LIMIT. THE LANDING LED TO A THREATENED FISHING BAN.

Some 700 British trawler officers said on Jan. 15 they would not take their ships to sea if fish landings by Icelandic trawlers in Britain continued after February 12—one month after the first such landing since Iceland imposed the twelve-mile fishing limit.



STUDENTS CARRYING A COFFIN DURING A DEMONSTRATION AGAINST THE DESIGN OF THE NEW HEAD OFFICE OF BARCLAYS BANK, ILLUSTRATED ON PAGE 141.

On January 15 the Chairman of Barclays Bank laid the foundation-stone of the new head office, at the corner of Lombard Street and Gracechurch Street, City of London. As he did so, art students arrived to conduct a symbolic funeral of British architecture.



AT LAMBETH PALACE: THE BISHOP OF OXFORD SPEAKING AT THE OPENING OF THE JANUARY SESSION OF THE CONVOCATION OF CANTERBURY.

The Convocation of Canterbury opened its January session on January 13. In his presidential address, the Archbishop of Canterbury said he had sent a private letter to the Church of Sweden concerning its decision to ordain women. The Bishop of Oxford reported on the conversations with the Methodist Church.



(Left.)
READY FOR HER COMMISSIONING ON JAN. 10 AT THE NEW YORK NAVAL SHIPYARD, BROOKLYN: THE HUGE NEW U.S. AIRCRAFT-CARRIER INDEPENDENCE.

The 60,000-ton *Independence*, the fourth aircraft-carrier of the "Forrestal" Class, has a flight-deck with an area of nearly four acres and her striking force includes 100 aircraft, most of them jet bombers capable of delivering atomic bombs. She has cost nearly £70,000,000 and is to have a complement of over 4000 men. *Independence* is 1046 ft. in length. The commissioning was attended by the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Thomas D. Gates.



IN THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE IN HAVANA: DR. MANUEL URRTIA LLEO, THE NEW PRESIDENT OF CUBA, PHOTOGRAPHED WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

ORMOLU AND PORCELAIN.

I SUPPOSE there will always be people who, brought up in the strictest sect of ceramic theorists, regard the marriage of porcelain and metal as anathema. This is, as far as Europe is concerned, modern doctrine, deriving largely from what we have learnt from the Far East during the past half-century or so; we have heard a great deal about keeping faith with the material, the significance of form and other high matters, how a pot should—and can—grow like a flower beneath the hand of its creator. Our ancestors, more naïve, less self-conscious, blundered along in their own sweet way unaware that in many things they might some day be considered benighted; their notion of paying a compliment to a vessel fresh from the marvellous East was to provide it with a silver-gilt rim, as witness a few sixteenth century survivals, much as they would have placed a specially fashioned silver collar round the neck of a cheetah, or some such beautiful animal which an Oriental potentate might have presented to them. After all, Europe had a long tradition of magnificent goldsmiths' work, and what more natural than to salute this new and unknown material with a specimen of a specifically European skill?

The custom, however sourly regarded by our more austere twentieth-century pundits, never quite fell out of favour, and received a new stimulus in France towards the end of the seventeenth century with the increasing use of ormolu, or gilded bronze, mainly for furniture, where it had not merely a decorative but a practical function, protecting corners, for example, and feet from damage. Within fifty years its use had spread to all kinds of porcelain, both Oriental and European, and it was particularly effective in conjunction with the great quantities of celadon which had reached Europe by about 1750. Whether you deplore this marriage of the two materials or no, you cannot write off the work of the ormolu craftsmen as insignificant; they were a great deal more than pastry-cooks covering a cake with sugar icing, but—the best of them—artists of great originality working in a wonderfully flexible medium and generally subordinating their designs to the form of the porcelain pieces they were dressing. In addition—and this is outside the scope of these notes—they produced some superlative candelabra, wall-sconces, and other things of the same kind with which other materials were not combined.

Of all the part-porcelain, part-ormolu objects I have seen in recent years this inkstand, with its little Meissen figures (Fig. 1), is the most light-hearted and the most liable to exasperate those nice, serious pundits who can just manage to forgive frivolity in porcelain but are shocked when it is harnessed to metal as well. For this sort of thing one must suspend the normal prejudices of modern criticism and go back to the nursery and to the light-hearted standards of the period. We make a mistake, surely, if we look at it merely as a conscious work of art, instead of something which has tumbled out of a fantastically luxurious Christmas cracker; it was devised as a birthday surprise for a good (or maybe not-so-good) girl, to be placed on one of those flimsy little marquetry

writing-tables, which the French called *bonheurs du jour*, at which the recipient, suitably dressed in an equally extravagant *négligé*, could be writing elegant letters of thanks while—I admit I'm romancing a little—no less a person than Fragonard or someone of his calibre was sketching her.

In short, this is no object of *vertu* for old men to assess, but a piece of nonsense for young women



FIG. 1. A LOUIS XV ORMOLU INKSTAND IN THE SHAPE OF A BOAT, WITH MEISSEN PORCELAIN FIGURES MODELLED BY KAENDLER. A GAY PIECE DESCRIBED BY FRANK DAVIS ON THIS PAGE.
(12 ins. wide.) (Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods, Ltd.)

to enjoy. The thing is an inkstand of ormolu in the shape of a boat, with its deck fitted with an ink-vase and cover, a sand sprinkler and a pen-tray. It stands on a pierced rockwork base, while four poles support a trellis-work arbour interwoven with ormolu branches from which grow porcelain flowers. On the deck are two little standing figures of a fisher-boy and girl in clothes of mauve and yellow. These are of Meissen porcelain modelled by J. J. Kaendler. The flowers also presumably come from Meissen. The date is probably not earlier than 1750, partly because the whole conception seems to accord perfectly with what we know of the fashions of the decade, mainly because it was about then that the strong colours used for his figures by Kaendler in the earlier part of his distinguished career (he joined the Meissen factory in 1731)—that is, bright yellow, red and black—were altered to others which were softer; pale mauves, greens and yellows.

The long start which Meissen had over any rival factories—it had its own way from its birth in 1710 until about 1750 and only met with a serious setback in 1756, when that enterprising and ruthless pirate Frederick the Great occupied it at the beginning of the Seven Years War—enabled it to develop some highly original designs and to employ persons of great ability. Of the modellers Kaendler is certainly the best known; of the painters, C. F. Herold, who is particularly remembered for his harbour-scenes of the 1730's, sometimes peopled by little Chinese figures. After about 1740, new subjects

for painting were introduced, based upon a lengthy series of engravings acquired for the factory by Count Brühl, the favourite of Augustus III, and for whom the most famous of all Meissen services, the "Swan" service, was made between 1737 and 1741. These prints were of all kinds of subjects, peasants after pictures by Teniers, pastorals after Watteau and Lancret, Chinese fantasies after Boucher and Pillement, horses and soldiers in the manner of Wouevrman. These were all, in turn, adapted to various shapes and sizes by the painters and combined with every possible variety of scroll-work.

The clock of Fig. 2 seems to me a very agreeable example of the work of the modeller and painter combined. Like the amusing inkstand, it came up at a London auction room lately. The nymph surmounting the porcelain clock case is a Kaendler model (she wears an elegant red-flowered cloak), while the numerous panels painted in colours are in the style of C. F. Herold, the centre painting beneath the dial very obviously derived from a Watteau-esque subject. The borders are modelled and gilt with wave ornament and decorated in turquoise with foliage. The stand has gilt shells at each corner and is divided into small panels within gilt and purple frames, the panels painted in colours with figures unloading merchandise in river landscapes with boats and buildings.

In its less frivolous, more monumental manner, it is as luxurious a piece as the other; but then, all this early porcelain is deliberately and essentially luxurious, for none of the factories grew up from rustic beginnings; they were all the special creation of the ruling prince and their products were not intended for the ordinary household. True, it was hoped that they would make money—some of them did—but at least one purpose for their existence was the glory of their patron, though perhaps not all princelings went quite so far as the Duke of Wurtemburg, who declared that for a prince of his rank a porcelain factory was "an indispensable accompaniment of splendour and magnificence." As a result, one looks in vain



FIG. 2. A MEISSEN MANTEL CLOCK, THE FIGURE MODELLED BY KAENDLER, THE PANELS PAINTED IN THE STYLE OF C. F. HEROLD; c. 1740. (16 ins. high.) (Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods, Ltd.)

for the less obvious virtues inherent in simpler pottery shapes. People have been known to complain of their frivolity; but frivolity is what suits this lovely fragile material best; gaiety belongs to its very nature.

HISTORIC AND MODERN PAINTINGS; A NEW BUILDING FOR BARCLAYS BANK.



A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY PANEL, ONCE USED AS A TABLE, WHICH HAS NOW BEEN RESTORED AND FIXED AS A REREDOS IN NORWICH CATHEDRAL. IT WILL BE ON VIEW IN FEBRUARY.

The fourteenth-century painted panel which is now being fixed as a reredos in St. Luke's Chapel, Norwich Cathedral, has been described as inferior in craftsmanship only to the celebrated Wilton Diptych in the National Gallery. It depicts scenes from the Passion, and measures 102 by 34 ins.



(Left.) BARCLAYS NEW HEAD OFFICE BUILDING SHOWN AS PART OF AN AERIAL SCENE. (Above.) THE ARCHITECT'S MODEL OF THE NEW BUILDING, SHOWING THE LOMBARD STREET FRONTAGE.

The foundation-stone of the new Barclays Bank building in the City was laid on January 15. It is to be built on the corner of Lombard Street and Gracechurch Street, will cover nearly an acre of ground and house a staff of nearly 2000. Demonstrations by students of the Royal College of Art marked the occasion.



"SAN MARCO, NIGHT, VENICE": ONE OF THE EIGHTEEN PAINTINGS BY GRAHAM SUTHERLAND NOW ON VIEW AT ARTHUR JEFFRESS, DAVIES STREET, UNTIL FEBRUARY 6. (Oil on canvas: 39 by 32 ins.)

The small collection of paintings by Mr. Graham Sutherland now on view at Arthur Jeffress, 28, Davies Street, London, W.1, is primarily of interest because it contains some paintings of Venice which are quite unlike his previous work. The two most outstanding canvases are of subjects long beloved by painters, from Guardi to Dufy. That Mr. Sutherland should have turned his attention to them is in itself surprising. Yet in doing so he has proved himself both a fine architectural draughtsman and also a painter who can take romantic and hackneyed subjects, and still portray their splendour without any false nostalgia.



"SANTA MARIA DELLA SALUTE" FROM THE SAME EXHIBITION. THESE IMPRESSIVE PAINTINGS BY SUTHERLAND ARE IN AN UNFAMILIAR MANNER. (Oil on canvas: 40 by 31 ins.)

These impressive paintings by Sutherland are in an unfamiliar manner. (Oil on canvas: 40 by 31 ins.)



RESTORATION OF THIRTEENTH-CENTURY PAINTINGS IN WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL. THE TWENTY ROUNDELS WERE PAINTED IN 1241 BY A CERTAIN MASTER WILLIAM. Professor and Mrs. Baker are working on the task of preserving the twenty roundels which were painted in 1241 in Winchester Cathedral. They made 500 experiments before attempting the task. The paintings first have to be removed and supported on silk.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

GREGORY THE PEACE-MAKER

By ALAN DENT

FIGHTING of all sorts—and this includes, I am afraid, prize-fighting—has always been repugnant to me. At ten or so, as a schoolboy in Ayrshire, I once looked like being involved in a fight with an angry boy in a kilt—now one of my oldest friends. How did I face up to the dilemma? I kicked him in the kilt and ran for my life. Whereafter I won—and quite enjoyed—the stigma of being a boy not worth fighting. At twenty or so, as a student at Glasgow, I earned the same kind of obloquy—covering myself with the opposite of glory—by resolutely refusing to participate in a Rectorial-election battle with flour and soot as the ammunition. "I hate strife!" said I, shamelessly running away from the battlefield, and the remark was bandied around to my disgrace.

It is with some belated relief, then, that I now see the hero of "The Big Country"—none other than Gregory Peck—hailed as a noble and courageous character because he is a practising peace-lover, an avoider of strife, even at the risk of being branded as a coward. He is a seafaring man from Baltimore who travels deep into the heart of Texas to claim the daughter (Carroll Baker) of a ranch-owning major (Charles Bickford). The latter spends his days quarrelling with a wild family of outlaws called the Hannasseys (led by Burl Ives), the chief bone of contention being the grazing rights on the bank of a river owned by the pretty little schoolmistress called Julie (Jean Simmons).

One other character who really must be mentioned is the Major's foreman, Leech (Charlton Heston), who is from the very start at daggers-drawn with our hero McKay. But it takes two to draw two daggers, and McKay keeps his undrawn, though his pacifism earns him the contempt of Leech, the perplexity of the Major and his daughter Patricia, the roaring scorn of the Hannasseys, and a general tendency among the cowboys to look away and spit. McKay does not mind. He goes off quietly to tame a horse hitherto regarded as untameable (this buck-jumping scene is delightfully played by both the

is gloriously spacious, and the film's climax is as exciting as it is involved. Yet I kept on thinking towards the end of the film's 165 minutes that the actors were, each and all, refusing to have their

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE



GREGORY PECK AS JAMES MCKAY IN "THE BIG COUNTRY" (A UNITED ARTISTS RELEASE).

"This gently expressive actor," writes Alan Dent, "is seen at his best as the hero of 'The Big Country' (directed by William Wyler). Incapable of the tremendousness of Captain Ahab in the film-version of 'Moby Dick,' he now again reminds us how capable he is in the milder sort of heroic part. This character wins all hearts—and my own particularly!—because he proves that feuds are futile, and that fighting is a brutish and stupid way of settling a disagreement. He does so even at the risk of being called a coward. The film itself is a beautifully directed and photographed 'Western' of the very best sort. Its first London showing was at the Odeon, Leicester Square, on January 8."

parts cut—that all were insisting on their complete say in the matter, however long it took.

Almost as long—though it is exactly an hour shorter—seemed "Operation Amsterdam," a grueling piece of more-or-less real history showing how £9,000,000 of industrial diamonds were moved from Amsterdam to London on Whit-Monday, 1940. This film, directed by Michael McCarthy, must be praised for making no concessions whatever to the filmgoing public's average taste. The three men sent on the dangerous mission from London—Peter Finch, Tony Britton, Alexander Knox—are helped by a young Dutchwoman (Eva Bartok) and her car. The streets of Amsterdam—we are undoubtedly in the actual place—are deserted because the city is on the point of being seized by the Nazis.

The girl Anna has lost her Jewish fiancé in the course of the turmoil though she thinks he is still alive. Miss Bartok rightly and conscientiously depicts her as a haggard but handsome girl. Will there be a love-scene? We hope, almost against hope, that there will not. And lo, it is avoided! Near the very end Mr. Finch gives Anna no more than a simple short expressive kiss of gratitude. That is all. But I imagine that the great public will be deeply dissatisfied at this unusual piece of artistic propriety. For the rest—and for all but this split second—the tension of a particularly ghastly day in the history of Europe is wonderfully maintained. If we must be gruelled in the cinema this is the way it should be done.

Very much longer than either of these two good films seems the poor but lavish screen-version of "Auntie Mame." It runs, in point of fact, for 143 minutes which is an unusually long time for a comedy. In the play-version that goddess of mischief, Beatrice Lillie, has confounded the critics and enraptured the public as the scatterbrained aunt who has an orphaned nephew foisted upon her. In the film-version Rosalind Russell will confound the film-critics and enrapture the public likewise. There is hardly a hat-pin to choose between these two leading ladies.



THE MORNING AFTER THE PARTY: VERA, LEFT (CORAL BROWNE), PROVES A BROKEN REED AS AUNTIE MAME (ROSALIND RUSSELL) DESPERATELY SEEKS ADVICE ON WHAT TO WEAR FOR A MEETING WITH HER NEPHEW'S TRUSTEE—A SCENE FROM "AUNTIE MAME." MISS RUSSELL CREATED THE TITLE ROLE IN THE SUCCESSFUL NEW YORK STAGE PRODUCTION. (WARNER BROS.: LONDON PREMIERE, WARNER THEATRE, JANUARY 8.)



"IF WE MUST BE GRUELLED IN THE CINEMA THIS IS THE WAY IT SHOULD BE DONE"—A SCENE FROM "OPERATION AMSTERDAM," IN WHICH ANNA (EVA BARTOK) IS HELPING JAN (PETER FINCH, TOP RIGHT), DILLON (TONY BRITTON, LOWER LEFT) AND WALTER (ALEXANDER KNOX) REMOVE VALUABLE DIAMONDS FROM AMSTERDAM AS THE GERMAN ARMY APPROACHES. (J. ARTHUR RANK PRODUCTIONS LTD.: LONDON PREMIERE, LEICESTER SQUARE THEATRE, JANUARY 13.)

buck and the jumper!). And when he is absolutely obliged to come to blows with Leech the fight lasts from dusk to dawn, the pair look like two cocks at the end of a cock-fight, and McKay concludes it all with the remark:—"Now tell me, Leech, what have we proved?" Yes, a deplorable hero—and one after my own heart, because so much to my own way of thinking.

The film itself has made a tremendous stir, and the direction by William Wyler has earned universal praise. In its unconventional way it crowns the convention of the Western. The setting

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"THE INN OF THE SIXTH HAPPINESS" (Generally Released: January 12).—Ingrid Bergman gives her best performance ever, as an actual English missionary to China caught up in the war. There are notable supporting performances by Athene Seyler and the late Robert Donat, and—in spite of some irrelevant love-interest supplied by Curt Jurgens—this is an experience not to be missed.

"BACHELOR OF HEARTS" (Generally Released: January 19).—An experience more easily missed, but the young and forgetful will enjoy the Teutonic charm of Hardy Kruger, who is fair-haired and blue-eyed. Our own Sylvia Syms is charming as the heroine.

"I WAS MONTY'S DOUBLE" (Generally Released: January 19).—Another one not to be missed, with Clifton James—who actually impersonated Monty at the outset of our invasion of Europe—and John Mills and Cecil Parker who triumphantly arranged the great imposture.

Miss Lillie is perhaps the more endearing and the more inconsequential of the two. But Miss Russell has the advantage of an excruciatingly funny hunting-scene which would be impossible on the stage. She is also to be beheld visiting the Pyramids on a camel, and climbing both the Eiffel Tower and the Matterhorn. Miss Lillie, circumscribed by the stage, can only hint at the distant possibility of such jaunts and jollities on the part of Auntie Mame. But the character, whether played by Miss Russell or Miss Lillie, is in herself infinitely more amusing than the play or the film surrounding her.

HOW TO LIVE IN THE ANTARCTIC, AND IN LUXURY; EXPERIMENTAL DOGS AND SUBMARINES.



SIR VIVIAN FUCHS, THE ANTARCTIC HERO, GRINS BROADLY AS HE EXAMINES CAMPING EQUIPMENT AT ALEXANDRA PALACE, LONDON.

At the Camping and Outdoor Life Exhibition at Alexandra Palace, Sir Vivian Fuchs paid a visit to the Trans-Antarctic Survey stand and examined equipment which was used by his own expedition. He is seen here with his secretary and Mr. R. Lenton, who crossed the Antarctic with him.



FOR THOSE WHO THINK THE ANTARCTIC IS TOO SPARTAN, HERE IS THE LAST WORD IN MODERN BEDS. IT IS PRICED AT £2500 AND HAS MINK COVERLETS.

This luxury bed, made by Slumberland, is built of 200-year-old English ash. Its mattresses can be adjusted to any position and have individual heating units. It has built-in radios, bookshelves and jewel drawers, also a television set and an automatic tea-maker.



THE STRATOSPHERE DOG *ALBINA*, WHO HAS SEVERAL TIMES TRAVELED TO HEIGHTS OF OVER 60 MILES, HAS GIVEN BIRTH TO A NORMAL LITTER OF PUPPIES.

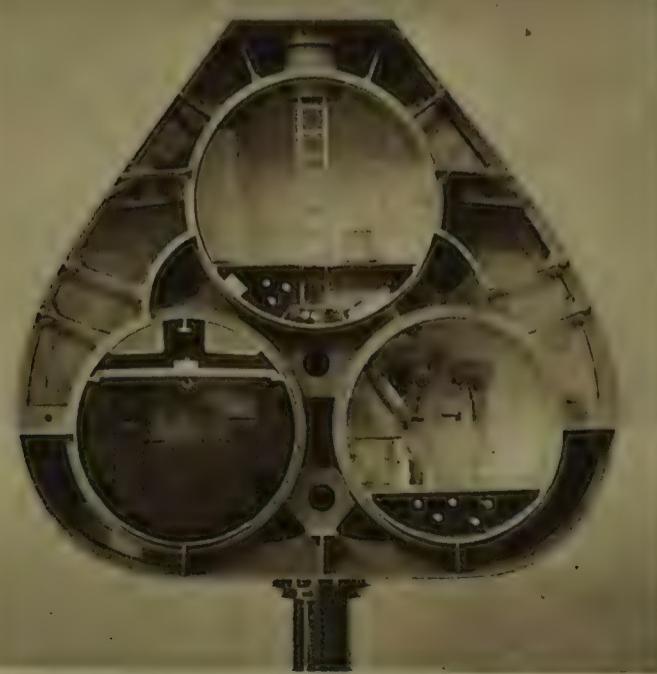
The experimental dog *Albina*, unperturbed by her Russian rocket flights of more than 60 miles in height, has now given birth to this normal, if rather motley, litter of puppies. Doctors are keeping a regular watch over them, but they have healthy appetites and are gaining weight rapidly.

Albina is a veteran of rocket travel and is none the worse for it.



LUCKY-DIP DIAMONDS AT A LONDON FILM PREMIERE. DUTCH FASHION MODELS WATCH ACTOR TONY BRITTON DROP THREE REAL DIAMONDS AMONG 1000 PASTE ONES.

For the première of the film "Operation Amsterdam" in London, a party of Dutch models arrived wearing £250,000 of diamonds. In addition, three real diamonds were placed among 1000 paste ones. Each guest took one, and three lucky ones kept their trophies.



A CROSS-SECTION VIEW OF A MODEL OF A NEW TYPE OF TRIPLE-HULL DUTCH SUBMARINE EXHIBITED IN ROTTERDAM.



THE CUT-AWAY MODEL OF THE NEW SUBMARINE. THE LOWER TWO HULLS ARE FOR THE MOTIVE POWER AND THE UPPER HOUSES THE CREW. THE TRIPLE HULL HAS VARIOUS ADVANTAGES.

Scale models of two Dutch submarines now under construction were recently displayed in an exhibition in Rotterdam. The submarines are unconventional, having a triple hull, which is reported to make for greater structural strength and to allow the vessels to dive to greater depths.

FOREIGN DESIGNS IN GUNS, CARS AND BOATS; QUEEN VICTORIA'S RAIL COACH.



THE 105-MM. ITALIAN MOUNTAIN HOWITZER WHICH HAS RECENTLY BEEN ADOPTED BY THE ROYAL ARTILLERY: ONE OF TWO NEW ARTILLERY WEAPONS COMING INTO USE. One of two new guns, both of 105-mm. capacity, to be purchased by the British Army, is an Italian pack howitzer. It has been chosen in place of another gun because it has been agreed that 105 mm. should be the standard calibre for all N.A.T.O. field guns.



THE REJECTED GUN SEEN ON DISPLAY: THE 88-MM. GARRINGTON WITH ITS DOME-LIKE SHIELD WHICH WILL NOT NOW BE PURCHASED FOR THE ROYAL ARTILLERY.



THE SECOND AUSTIN TO BE RESTYLED BY THE ITALIAN DESIGNER PININ FARINA: THE A55, WHICH FOLLOWS CLOSELY ON THE OUTSTANDING LITTLE AUSTIN A40.

The influence of Italian motor-car design in England is likely to be widespread if Pinin Farina, styling consultant of B.M.C., re-styles the entire range of Austin cars. The Austin A55, shown here, follows closely on the A40, which caused such widespread interest a few months ago.

(Right.)
QUEEN VICTORIA'S RAILWAY SALOON HAS A BRIEF OUTING ON ITS WAY TO EARLS COURT FOR THE FURNITURE EXHIBITION. IT WAS BUILT FOR HER IN 1869.

One of the most outstanding transport relics is now on view at Earls Court for the Furniture Exhibition which is open there until February 7. This is Queen Victoria's Railway Saloon, built ninety years ago and now preserved by the British Transport Commission. Its value is estimated at £45,000.



TO THE OFFICE IN RECORD TIME! WEARING A BOWLER HAT, MR. JAMES MILLAR TAKES PART IN A DEMONSTRATION OF SEAWINGS, THE NEW AMERICAN HYDROFOILS. Seawings, the new American production, enable small craft to travel faster, manoeuvre more easily, and ride with greater smoothness even in rough water. They are retractable aluminium hydrofoils which allow the boat to ride safely above the surface of the water.



THE BURNS BICENTENARY: THE BRIGS OF AYR; AND ALLOWAY'S HAUNTED KIRK.



THE BRIGS OF AYR. IN BURNS'S POEM, "THE AULD BRIG" (SEEN IN THE FOREGROUND) PROPHESIED (CORRECTLY), "I'LL BE A BRIG WHEN YE'RE A SHAPELESS CAIRN."



"ALLOWAY'S AULD HAUNTED KIRK," THE RESTING-PLACE OF BURNS'S FATHER, BUT A RUIN EVEN THEN. THIS IS THE SCENE OF THE WITCHES' Revels IN "TAM O' SHANTER."

On January 25, 1759, Robert Burns, the Ayrshire peasant and Scotland's greatest poet, was born in the tiny clay-and-straw cottage—the Auld Cley Biggin—which his father, William Burns, an unsuccessful nurseryman, had built himself three years earlier. On Sunday, January 25, this year, the poet's bicentenary is being celebrated at a service in St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh. It is perhaps an index of the burning vitality of his poems that the legal

profession and some members of the medical profession have declined the invitation to be represented at the service—perhaps in view of Burns's caustic lines on their professions. The board of the Cathedral have likewise been unable to find room for a plaque commemorating the poet in the Poets' Corner of Scotland, perhaps recalling, with the lawyers: "Courts for cowards were erected, Churches built to please the priest."

THE BICENTENARY OF
ROBERT BURNS.



THE BURNS STATUE IN DUMFRIES HIGH STREET. ERECTED IN 1882 BY THE TOWNSPEOPLE, IT SHOWS THE POET HOLDING A BUNCH OF DAISIES, AND WITH A DOG AND FIELD-MICE AT HIS FEET.



THE BURNS MAUSOLEUM IN ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCHYARD, DUMFRIES, TO WHICH THE POET'S REMAINS WERE TRANSFERRED IN 1815. THE SCULPTURE IS BY TURNERELLI.



"BURNS'S HOWFF," THE GLOBE INN, DUMFRIES, WHICH WAS HIS FAVOURITE TAVERN. ON A WINDOW-PANE ARE TWO VERSES HE SCRATCHED; AND HIS CHAIR IS PRESERVED.

THE birthday of Robert Burns is probably the cause of more annual celebrations over a wider area of the globe than any other birthday; and the bicentenary of his birth (which falls to-morrow—January 25) seems likely to be celebrated on an unprecedented scale and in a variety of ways too numerous to attempt to list here. In his own country, however, beside the service in St. Giles' mentioned on the previous page, the following occasions have an especial interest. On the eve (January 24)

[Continued below.]



"AFT HAE I ROV'D BY BONIE DOON—TO SEE THE WOODBINE TWINE": THE AULD BRIG O' DOON, NEAR ALLOWAY, WHERE ROBERT BURNS WAS BORN IN 1759.



THE BACHELORS' CLUB AT TARBOLTON—THE FRONT VIEW. THE TWENTY-ONE-YEAR-OLD BURNS WAS A FOUNDER-MEMBER AND THE FIRST CHAIRMAN IN 1780.



THE SCENE WHICH INSPIRED BURNS'S "CA' THE YOWES TAE THE KNOWES," ONE OF THE BEST-LOVED OF HIS SONGS: THE WATER OF CLUDEN BY RUINED LINCLUDEN ABBEY.



WHERE BURNS'S FUNERAL STARTED IN JULY 1796: THE MID-STEEPLE, THE MOST CONSPICUOUS BUILDING IN DUMFRIES, FORMERLY USED AS COURT-HOUSE AND MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS.

Continued.] the Burns Federations are holding a bicentenary dinner in Kilmarnock to be attended by representatives from Burns Clubs and Caledonian Societies from all over the world; a pageant is to be staged at Ayr in June; and there are to be important exhibitions in Edinburgh—of manuscripts and the like at the National Library, relics at the Public Library and Huntly House, and portraits of Burns and his contemporaries at the National Portrait Gallery of Scotland.



ELLISLAND, WHERE BURNS FARMED WITH LITTLE SUCCESS FROM 1788 TO 1791. PACING UP AND DOWN THE PATH, BEYOND THE GATE AND BESIDE THE STREAM, BURNS COMPOSED THE IMMORTAL "TAM O' SHANTER."

BIRTH, YOUTH, Maturity, AND DEATH: FOUR SCENES OF A GREAT SCOTS POET'S LIFE.



"THE AULD CLEY BIGGIN"—THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE POET AT ALLOWAY, WHERE HE SPENT THE FIRST SEVEN YEARS OF HIS LIFE. BUILT BY HIS FATHER, WILLIAM BURNS.



THE MEETING PLACE OF THE BACHELORS' CLUB, TARBOLTON. OWNED BY THE NATIONAL TRUST FOR SCOTLAND, RESTORED AND OPENED AS A BURNS MUSEUM IN 1951.

On this and the two preceding pages we have shown, in drawings and photographs, some of the places most closely associated with the thirty-seven years of Robert Burns's life and which will be of especial interest during this year, the bicentenary of his birth. This life falls into two halves: his youth, spent in various places in Ayrshire—Alloway, Mt. Oliphant, Lochlea, Tarbolton, Mauchline, Mossgiel and Kilmarnock; the brief period of lionisation in Edinburgh; and the last eight years in Dumfriesshire, at Ellisland and Dumfries, the years when he was a married man, an unsuccessful farmer and an exciseman. Of the Ayrshire scene we show a number of views, the Brigs of Ayr, the birthplace at Alloway, now a world-famous Burns Museum, the ruined church of Alloway, in which the witches of "Tam O' Shanter" were to revel, and the Tarbolton Bachelors' Club, where the first subject debated, whether a young farmer should marry a rich competent girl "neither handsome in person nor

Drawings specially made for "The Illustrated London News" by Alastair Flattely.



THE PARLOUR AT ELLISLAND, THE FARM WHERE BURNS WROTE "TAM O' SHANTER." THE CHAIR IN WHICH THE BOY IS SITTING IS REPUTEDLY ONE OWNED BY THE POET.



WHERE THE POET DIED ON JULY 21, 1796: BURNS'S HOUSE ON THE MILL BRAE (LATER CALLED BURNS STREET) IN DUMFRIES. HIS WIDOW DIED HERE IN 1834.

agreeable in conversation" or "a girl in every way agreeable . . . but without fortune," gives some idea of the conviviality of the evenings. After lionisation in Edinburgh he was still confronted with the problem of making a living and after unsuccessful farming at Ellisland, supplemented later by his income as an exciseman—the period of his greatest poem "Tam O' Shanter"—he came to live in Dumfries, of which he had been made an honorary burgess. His first eighteen months were spent in a house of three apartments, on the second floor of a tenement in Bank Street (then known as the Wee Vennel). Thence he moved to a small, self-contained, two-storied dwelling on the Mill Brae, called Burns Street after his death. Here on July 21, 1796, he died in the smaller of the house's bedrooms. His public funeral took place in St. Michael's Churchyard, in a corner of which he was buried. Eighteen years later his remains were re-interred in a vault below a mausoleum erected to his memory.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

NOBLE DAMES.

By J. C. TREWIN.

I FEEL this week that I should use Thomas Hardy's title, "A Group of Noble Dames." We have Dame Sybil Thorndike appearing as a famous actress (who is called Dame Sophia) in a comedy at the Globe Theatre. During the year we shall meet Dame Edith Evans at Stratford-upon-Avon—not her first visit there, though her first to the present Memorial Theatre—

is to act two more Shakespeare parts, now at Stratford-upon-Avon. The coming Festival, thirty-four weeks of it, will include productions of "Othello," with Paul Robeson and Sam Wanamaker; "All's Well That Ends Well," with Dame Edith, and directed by Tyrone Guthrie; "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with Charles Laughton as Bottom; "Coriolanus," with Dame Edith and

Sir Laurence Olivier; and "King Lear," with Charles Laughton, which is directed by Glen Byam Shaw. It is an uncommon programme: one that, in the last year of his much-honoured directorate, is a tribute to Mr. Shaw's judgment. We need not worry about the description of the Festival as "the rooth season." The first Shakespeare Memorial Theatre was opened in 1879, and "rooth season" is a confusing label: to reach the figure we have to take in the separate Spring and Summer Festivals between 1910 and 1931. Anyway, the fame of Stratford-upon-Avon does not need aid from forced arithmetic. There will be a genuinely important date to cheer when we reach the Quatercentenary of Shakespeare's birth on April 23, 1964. Meanwhile, we can accept this Festival for its own sake as another in a line at which the shade of Frank Benson (remembering the famous guests at his own Festivals) can look with pleasure.

But we began with Dame Edith. A young actress, Edith Evans, came to Stratford first, during the early summer of 1913, as Cressida in the production by William Poel. Her return, after forty-five years,

is an event indeed, the more so as we expect her to give new life to one of Shakespeare's most gracious *grandes dames*, a figure curiously neglected in the theatre, the Countess of Rousillon. I look forward to hearing Dame Edith in such lines as:

'Tis past, my liege,
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done in th' blaze
of youth,
When oil and fire, too strong for
reason's force,
O'erbears it and burns on.

For that matter, I wait anxiously to observe Tyrone Guthrie's handling of the play, which he did at the other Stratford (Ontario) in 1953. Sir John Squire spoke wisely in that too neglected book, "Shakespeare as a Dramatist," when he said: "If the whole evolution of a character through dialogue and action had to be studied, I should command the student to that of Bertram in 'All's Well That Ends Well,' that sulky, vain, attractive, handsome athlete who as little deserved his Helena (though it is like life that he should get her) as Imogen's husband deserved Imogen."

Dame Edith will go from the Countess to the Roman matron Volumnia, who, in the words of

another play, is whole as the marble, founded as the rock. In 1938 we saw the magnificent partnership of Dame Sybil and Laurence Olivier at the Old Vic. Now, with another noble Dame, Sir Laurence returns to a character that gave to me one of the most exciting nights in years of play-going. I hoped then that one day he would reappear as the incarnation of pride, the arrogant patrician ("What his heart forges, that his tongue must vent"): the performance had a classic line. We can be sure, too, that Dame Edith will not make the mistake of a minor and forgotten Volumnia who once, to my anguish, uttered "Leave this faint puling, and lament, as I do, In anger, Juno-like," in the very moan of a thwarted bazaar organiser.

There are no noble dames in my second new play this week, "The Long and the Short and the Tall" (Royal Court). In fact, the night is entirely masculine. It offers a conversation-piece for a group of British soldiers in a Malayan jungle hut during the campaign of 1942. Willis Hall, the dramatist, soon gets us on terms with the soldiers and their variety of regional accents (an old dodge, this) and the Japanese prisoner who becomes a burden to them. It is a worthy, compassionate war drama, ultimately unsparing. My difficulty was with the barrack-room slang, racy and flexible, in which it is wholly cast. Much depends upon where you are sitting in the house. I am sure the agreeable Peter O'Toole gave to the front rows a much better performance than I received a little further back. That reminds me again that four histories of the contemporary British theatre, written from four different positions in a house, might be remarkably at variance. It is a point too



A SCENE FROM "EIGHTY IN THE SHADE," MISS CLEMENCE DANE'S PLAY CELEBRATING THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF THE CASSONS' ASSOCIATION IN THE BRITISH THEATRE. In this scene from "Eighty in the Shade," which shows a famous actress coping with family problems at her eightieth birthday, are Dame Sophia, centre (Dame Sybil Thorndike), Sir Horace (Sir Lewis Casson), Caterina, left (Helen Lindsay), Blanche (Valerie Taylor) and Kevin, right (Robert Flemyng). (Globe Theatre: First night, January 8.)

as the Countess of Rousillon and as Volumnia. And, while I write, there is news that Dame Peggy Ashcroft will reach London during the spring in a new play, "The Coast of Coromandel."

All of this is good, even if a few of my colleagues seem to be cross with Clemence Dane for having written "Eighty in the Shade," in which Dame Sybil is now acting with Sir Lewis Casson. But I do suggest, very gently, that it is a party piece; that we are applauding the golden jubilee of the Cassons' association in the British theatre. This, I think, is hardly the time to behave as what a very young man once called with satisfaction, "A terrible Judex of an aesthetic Dies Irae."

Miss Dane, we know very well, has a civilised mind; she was writing expressly for an occasion, one at which the first-night house desired to show its affection for Dame Sybil and Sir Lewis. It has been one of the happiest partnerships in British stage record. Nobody with a sense of the theatre could fail to respond to Dame Sybil's rich virtuosity (as a famous actress coping with family problems at her eightieth birthday) and to the quiet steadiness of Sir Lewis as an admirer across fifty years. There was a good deal to watch and to value in other performances—Valerie Taylor's, for example, and Ann Walford's—but we went, most of us, to thank the Cassons. And I thank Clemence Dane (though she does end the play abruptly) for having devised the right kind of party piece. Sentimental? Well, of course, nobody in it talks about squirrels and bears: Miss Dane does not use the period's approved idiom.

Now Dame Edith. After her Queen Katharine at the Old Vic last summer, she



"THE LONG AND THE SHORT AND THE TALL" (ROYAL COURT), A WAR DRAMA PRESENTED AS A "CONVERSATION-PIECE FOR A GROUP OF BRITISH SOLDIERS IN A MALAYAN JUNGLE HUT" IN 1942.

Left to right in this scene are: Private Evans (Alfred Lynch), the Japanese prisoner (Kenji Takaki), Private Bamforth (Peter O'Toole), Lance-Corporal Macleish, standing (Ronald Fraser), Private Smith (Bryan Pringle), Sergeant Mitchem (Robert Shaw), Private Whitaker (David Andrews), and Corporal Johnstone (Edward Judd). (First night: January 7.)

often overlooked in the collation of drama criticism.

We get some forcible performances at the Court, those especially by Robert Shaw, Ronald Fraser, and Bryan Pringle; and Lindsay Anderson—even if he might have listened to enunciation with more care—has made an able atmospheric production, complete with jungle noises. Mr. Hall is a dramatist, and I shall wait to see what he can do when he writes a more expansive play (this is bound to be a little repetitive) and, maybe, produces a noble dame.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE WOMAN ON THE STAIR" (Westminster).—A play by James Parish, with Gwen Watford, Raymond Huntley, Nora Nicholson, and Nan Munro; directed by Jack Minster. (January 22.)

AT COVENT GARDEN: A HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL "MADAMA BUTTERFLY."



MADAM BUTTERFLY (SENA JURINAC) WITH PINKERTON (CHARLES CRAIG) IN A SCENE FROM THE OPERA DURING REHEARSALS.



MADAM BUTTERFLY AND PINKERTON IN A SCENE FROM ACT I. CHARLES CRAIG, AS PINKERTON, WAS SINGING HIS FIRST MAJOR ROLE AT COVENT GARDEN.



A CLOSE-UP OF CHARLES CRAIG AND SENA JURINAC, WHO MADE HER FIRST APPEARANCE WITH THE COVENT GARDEN OPERA AS MADAM BUTTERFLY IN THE PERFORMANCE ON JANUARY 13.



A SCENE SHOWING MADAM BUTTERFLY WITH SHARPLESS (JESS WALTERS), THE AMERICAN CONSUL FROM NAGASAKI. THE ADMIRABLE DECOR FOR THE PRODUCTION WAS DESIGNED BY SOPHIE FEDOROVITCH.

THE revival of Puccini's "Madama Butterfly" at the Royal Opera House on January 13 was a notable success, the title rôle being taken by Sena Jurinac, who is known from her previous appearances at Glyndebourne and who was appearing with the Covent Garden Opera for the first time. As the central character, on whom everything depends for the success of the rather brittle theme, she gave a sensitive performance, which was well supported by that of Charles Craig as Pinkerton. Mr. Craig was singing his first major rôle at Covent Garden, and only seven years ago was a member of the Covent Garden chorus. The orchestra in this memorable performance, which was sung in Italian, was conducted by Bryan Balkwill, and the well-designed décor was by Sophie Fedorovitch. Suzuki was sung by Josephine Veasey and the Bonze by Joseph Rouleau. "Madama Butterfly," described by Puccini as his best opera, was first performed at Covent Garden in 1905, the year after its unfortunate première in Milan.

(Right.) SHARPLESS (RIGHT) AND BUTTERFLY IN THE SCENE IN WHICH SHE REJECTS YAMADORI (DAVID ALLEN, CENTRE), AGAINST THE ADVICE OF GORO (DAVID TREE, SECOND FROM RIGHT).





THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

BIRDS KNOW FRIENDLY FACES

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

WHEN somebody goes to the trouble of writing to me, at some length, on an event that has puzzled him, there is always the chance that other people may have had similar experiences and have wondered about them. To that extent a letter from one reader is likely to interest others. When, however, on the same day, two letters are received, both bearing on the same subject, the coincidence suggests that the matter is even more likely to be of general interest.

My first letter, from Captain H. R. H. Vaughan, R.N., of Rhadirmwyn, Llandovery, reads: "From time to time carrier-pigeons turn up here, generally looking a bit tired and part-worn. I feed them an occasional handful of grain and after a few days they disappear, but this June we had one that was far from ordinary. I first saw it on a roof gutter from my bathroom window in the early morning. When I went out I gave it a handful of corn. This was 'on the yard,' an area behind the house with farm buildings round part of it. The next day the bird was still with us. I fed it twice that day. My wife also offered it food (bread), but it would have none of her offering.

"The third morning I had been out on the yard for some time without seeing the bird. Then, I was suddenly aware of it flying at me. It fanned its wings and stopped at the height of my face, about 6 ft. away, then turned and flew back to a gutter. I fetched some corn for it.

"On the fourth day I fed it when I saw it, but it did not appear on the fifth day. On the sixth day it was present in the morning and had a feed, but was not seen again all that day, until the evening, when I was working in the garden, on the opposite side of the house from the yard, and about 50 yards from the house. I was wearing quite different clothes from anything the bird had seen me in before. My thoughts were not concerned with pigeons at all when I was suddenly aware of a large bird fluttering close around my head. It flew to the roof of the house and perched facing me. I went on with my job, and two or three minutes later I was again aware of it fluttering close to my head. Again it went back to the roof. It did this twice more in the same fashion and then I gave up my job and went for some corn.

"Near the house and to the right of it, among rather tall shrubs, we have two small greenhouses. There is a narrow path between the shrubs. When I came back with the corn, I went along this path towards the greenhouses, because my wife was in one of them. I looked back to the roof of the house and the pigeon then flew in my direction and perched on the ridge of the greenhouse. The bird and I looked at each other while I threw corn on to the path. The pigeon turned its head this way and that several times but made no attempt to come down on to the path. Thinking that perhaps it did not like the high shrubs, I went away, through a door in the wall that separates garden from yard. The bird flew over the wall after me. I fetched more corn and fed it. Next morning the bird had gone and that was the end of that."

The second letter, from Mr. R. S. Newall, of Lower Woodford, is of a different event but raises the same question: "In the autumn of 1957 I soon had great-, coal- and blue-tits feeding on monkey nuts from my hand. This went on till the spring of 1958, when family affairs took them away. In the late autumn 1958, one great-tit came and fed from my gardener's hand at once, but the bird looked ill and had lost an eye, and has not been seen again. Three blue-tits are back, a pair which keep together as usual, shy and slow at coming . . . but the third is very bold and comes at once, often twice a day. I usually wear

some rather old clothes: a pepper-and-salt tweed coat, khaki trousers and grey felt hat, but on Christmas morning I had on a black top-coat and soft black felt hat (I never wear a top coat).

"As I walked out of the house the blue-tit came and flew around me demanding half a nut kernel, which it got. In the afternoon I went out of the house in a khaki-coloured mackintosh and soft grey felt hat. The bird came at once demanding a nut. In neither case did I expect the bird or hold out my hand before it came to me. Nor does it go to anyone else. Therefore, it does not recognise me by my clothes. I think this rather wonderful. No trained hawk would come to one after a month of flying wild, but the recognition in different clothes seems more wonderful."

In both these letters there is the same theme, a bird recognising a human being even when he changes his clothes. And the implication is that a bird recognises a person by the face. In considering this point there came immediately to my mind a scene which took place in Sussex some

For the birds the face was the menace. When he raised a hand towards the edge of the nest they still directed their beaks at the face, although the hand represents, as we know from other sources, an even greater menace.

It is one of the anomalies in the relations between bird and man, that the hand can be such a menace to the wild bird, but to the completely tame bird it becomes the reverse, the source of food and a place of security. But that is another story.

Perhaps the more striking evidence about the importance of the face was contained in a letter I received some years ago. The writer told of a thrush tame enough to come to the kitchen door to take food from his hand, and it did this at 8 a.m. regularly each day. One morning, my correspondent said he had overslept and was in the bathroom at 8 a.m., having forgotten about his daily visitor until he heard a commotion downstairs, in the region of the kitchen door. Remembering his thrush he hurried downstairs to feed it. The bird was there and was endeavouring to attract attention, but instead of taking the food

as usual it flew away. My correspondent added that he tried in vain to coax the bird to him. Then he remembered that he had left his dentures in the bathroom. He hurried upstairs, replaced his dentures and came down again. This time, all was well. The thrush now saw a familiar face. The letter emphasised that the only change in appearance was that occasioned by the absence and presence of the dentures.

It must be admitted that, apart from the sort of evidence presented here, this idea that a bird recognises a human benefactor by the face rests on relatively slender evidence or on collateral rather than on direct evidence. Yet once the idea is in one's mind there are a hundred and one small ways in which the observed behaviour of birds supports it, each in itself trivial, none on its own significant, but all pointing to this same conclusion.

There is, however, an important qualification that should be kept in mind. Certain colours can make a bird uneasy. It appears, for example, that red is one of these, which may explain why, so it is claimed, bottles painted red will keep some birds off the garden peas. My aviary birds have their food presented to them in small bowls. Most of these are white, two are green. Neither of these puts them off their food. On one occasion, food was presented to a rook in a pink bowl. He refused to touch it. To say that he hated the pink bowl would be to put it mildly.

There was the other occasion, which I have already detailed on this page, when my daughter wore a black skirt. All our birds are more tame with her than with anyone else. They know her and respond to her readily and with no sign of fear. Yet when she wore a black skirt all the rooks, crows and other of our *Corvidæ* screamed at her in chorus. To flap a black cloth at a member of the crow family is one of the easiest ways of calling forth its aggressive action, or of scaring it.

In general, therefore, while clothes do not matter and, it seems safe to say, birds recognise their benefactors by the face, there are some circumstances which dictate otherwise. And there have been one or two instances brought to my notice in which a cock bird has attacked a benefactress, with whom it was otherwise hand-tame, when the clothes she was wearing combined the colours of his own plumage. Presumably, his discriminating "colour-vision" eye, combined with a limited intelligence, led him to interpret the combination of colours as signalling a rival male.



A YOUNG DOMESTIC PIGEON JUST OFF THE NEST ILLUSTRATES THE IMPORTANCE OF THE EYE TO A BIRD, RESULTING, AS IS CLAIMED HERE, IN THE RECOGNITION OF THE FACE AS A SIGNIFICANT FEATURE IN ITS BEHAVIOUR. (Photograph by Neave Parker.)



A BLUE-TIT COMING TO THE HAND TO FEED. HOW DOES THIS BIRD, AND OTHERS, RECOGNISE ITS BENEFACTORS? (Photograph by Jane Burton.)

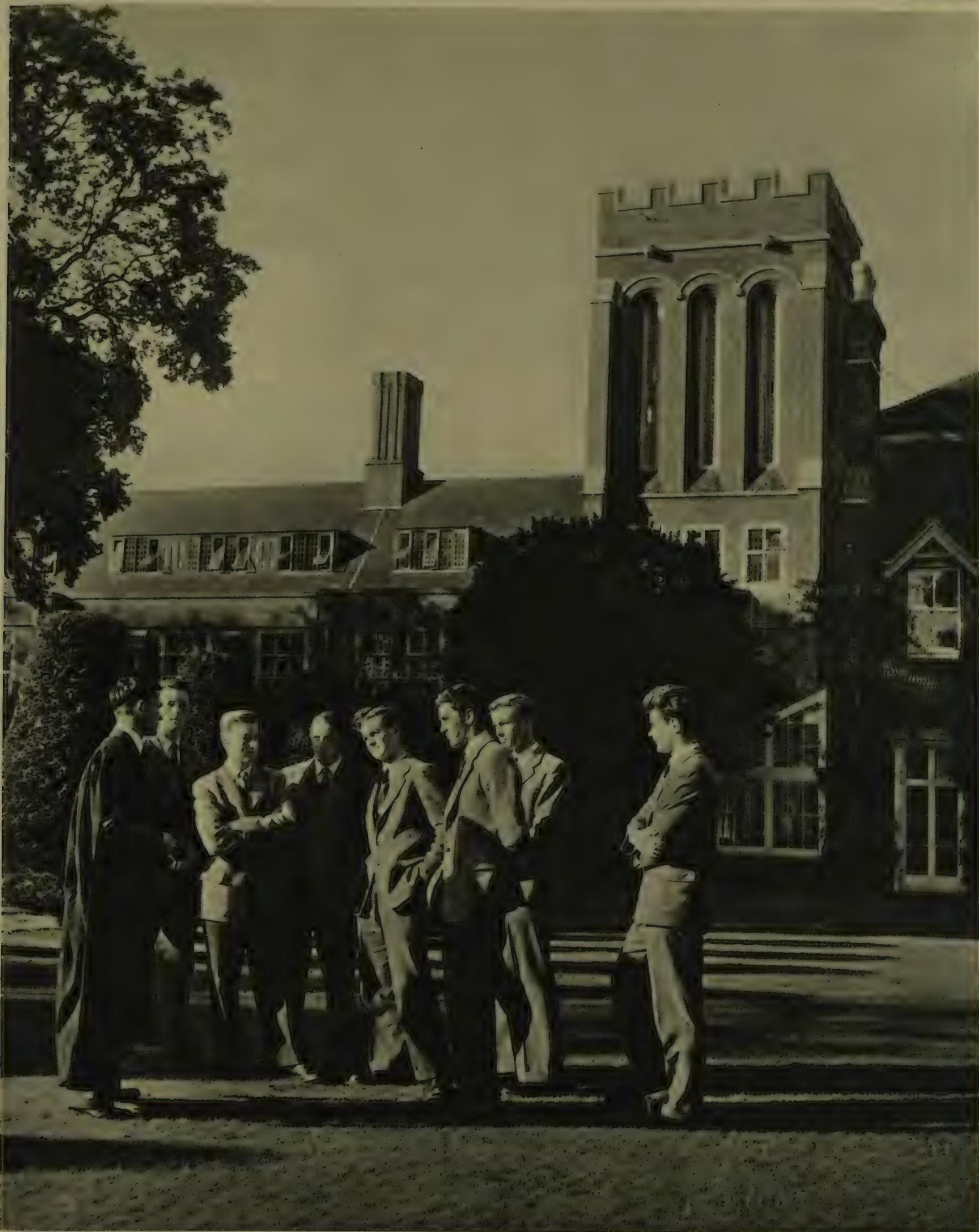
years ago. A lady staying at a house where I was a guest had, over a period of a fortnight, made a great pet of the dog belonging to the house. The moment the dog saw her it would run towards her with every sign of affection. At the end of this time, the lady went away to call on some friends, returning the same evening. For this occasion she wore clothes which she had previously not worn while at that house, and having changed into them she left without the dog seeing her. On her return, the dog barked furiously at her, its hackles up, as it rushed at her. Then it suddenly stopped, realised its mistake, started to wag its tail and to show its usual affection towards her.

This may have been unusual behaviour for a dog, but it is a mistake no bird would make and it emphasises that a dog relies less on sight than on its other senses, and that a bird relies more on sight than anything else. That is the first point; and the second is that to birds the face is important. It is important as between one bird and another, and in this connection we can recall that the important markings used in aggressive displays by so many birds are on the face and head.

There are, however, other observations which show this more certainly, and especially in the relations between bird and human being. There was, for example, the experience of the ornithologist, Otto Koenig, who was making observations of a nest containing young little bitterns. Although I have forgotten the details, the principle was that when he held his face over the nest the birds looked up at him, directing their beaks at his face, not at his body, which was nearer to them.



THE EDUCATION OF BRITISH YOUTH—XX. EASTBOURNE COLLEGE.



THE HEADMASTER, WITH SOME OF THE PREFECTS. IN THE BACKGROUND IS THE SCHOOL TOWER, PART OF THE WAR MEMORIAL BUILDINGS.

Eastbourne owes much of its development to the Dukes of Devonshire, and in 1867, when the town was beginning to expand rapidly, the seventh Duke—at the suggestion of a number of local residents—founded the College. The school opened in Ellesmere, a house opposite St. Saviour's Church, and its early progress was beset by many difficulties. In 1871 the Rev. Thompson Podmore moved, with forty boys, into the first College buildings, which now form the nucleus of School House. Here, the College began to flourish,

and in the 'nineties, under the Rev. Arthur Bayfield, thirty awards were won at Oxford and Cambridge. The school achieved more than local importance, and by the turn of the century had produced a number of pupils who were to win distinction—among them Frederick Soddy, a Nobel Prizewinner in chemistry, Sir Harold Carpenter, an eminent metallurgist, A. S. Hunt, discoverer of the *Oxyrhynchus papyri*, Norman Baynes, the Byzantine historian, and Maurice Browne, a noted figure in the theatre.

Photographs taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Chris Ware, Keystone Press Agency Ltd.

**FROM JUNIOR SCHOOL FOOTBALL
TO THE "CAREERS ROOM":**



GETTING THE PROPORTIONS RIGHT: A BOY CAREFULLY SIZES UP HIS SUBJECT DURING AN ART CLASS.



BOYS OF THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL PRACTISING FOOTBALL IN FRONT OF ASCHAM, ONE OF THE TWO LARGER JUNIOR BOARDING HOUSES.



A VIEW OF THE NEW GYMNASIUM. AMONG OTHER RECENT ADDITIONS—LARGELY DUE TO THE GENEROSITY OF OLD BOYS—are NEW LABORATORIES AND PLAYING FIELDS.



IN ONE OF THE STUDIES AT EASTBOURNE: TIME FOR A REFRESHING CUP OF TEA AND A CHAT.



WHAT AM I GOING TO BE WHEN I LEAVE SCHOOL? A SCENE OF CONCENTRATION IN THE CAREERS ROOM.



A VIEW LOOKING ACROSS THE MEMORIAL FIELD, WHICH IS SITUATED, LIKE THE SCHOOL, ON THE SLOPES OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.



RUGGER PRACTICE: A VIEW SHOWING THE MAIN SCHOOL BUILDINGS, AND THE NEW AND OLD LABORATORIES TO THE LEFT.



STUDYING SPECIMENS FROM THE ARNOLD COLLECTION OF BRITISH WILD BIRDS, WHICH IS HOUSED IN THE SCHOOL TOWER.



BOYS LEAVING THE NEW SCIENCE BLOCK. THE SENIOR SCIENCE MASTER, MR. PERRENS, LEFT, HELPED DESIGN THE BUILDING.



THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA PRACTISING IN THE NEW MUSIC SCHOOL, WHICH WAS OPENED FOUR YEARS JANUARY 1958. THE CONDUCTOR, WHO IS SEEN TO THE RIGHT, IS MR. J. B. PHILLIPSON, THE DIRECTOR

FOR many years after its foundation Eastbourne remained a school of 200 boys. Its first period of further expansion took place after the First World War. During this time the College received particularly valuable guidance from Mr. E. C. Arnold and Mr. S. H. Foot. Mr. Arnold, although an amateur master for many years, was Headmaster from 1924 to 1929, and Mr. Foot left a commercial career in Blackfriars, London, an appointment he held from 1922 until 1935. By 1921 the school's only freehold property was Blackfriars House. However, it was largely due to the determined foresight and enthusiasm of the Headmaster and Bursar that in the next few years the freehold

Photographs taken for "The Illustrated London



AGO — IN OF MUSIC.

of the school properties and playing fields was purchased, and the Memorial Buildings erected. The latter were an addition of great importance and were constructed with the help of the 1914-18 War Memorial Fund—the first outstanding example of the loyal assistance which has been given to the school by Old Eastbournians. The new buildings, completed in 1930, were designed by an Eastbournian, G. C. Wilson. In 1929 the chemical and physical laboratories were completely rearranged and enlarged, and further additions in the next few years included a biological laboratory. The science laboratories have recently been further improved.

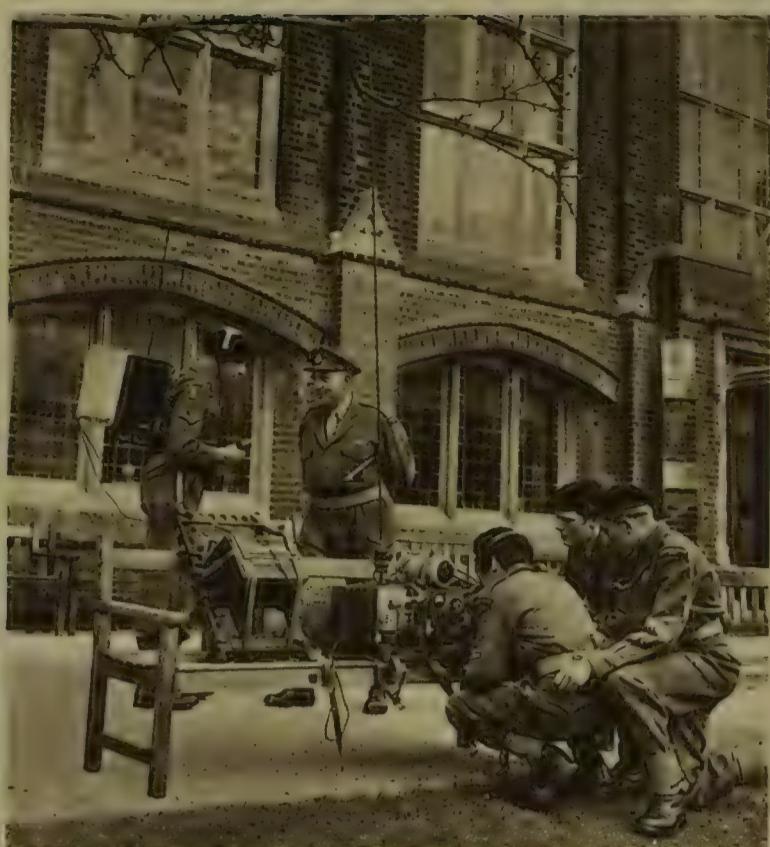


THE HEADMASTER, MR. MICHAEL DIRLEY, WHO WAS PREVIOUSLY AT ETON AND WAS APPOINTED TO EASTBOURNE TWO YEARS AGO.

THE CADET FORCE, PRINTING AND WOODWORK:
ACTIVITIES AT EASTBOURNE.



THE R.A.F. SECTION OF THE COMBINED CADET FORCE : A GROUP DISCUSSING LANDING TECHNIQUE WITH THE AID OF MODELS.



WIRELESS TRAINING, UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF MAJOR HENDERSON: MEMBERS OF THE CADET FORCE OUTSIDE THE SCHOOL HALL.



BOYS PREPARING TYPE IN THE COLLEGE PRINTING ROOM, WHERE BOOK LABELS, HOUSE SUPPER MENUS AND OTHER ITEMS ARE PRODUCED.



IN THE WOODWORK SHOP: BUILDING CANOES—WITH A TIMELY WORD OF ADVICE FROM THE CARPENTER, RIGHT—FOR USE ON THE RIVER CUCKMERE.



MODELS BEING USED FOR INSTRUCTING MEMBERS OF THE NAVAL SECTION OF THE CADETS IN MANOEUVRING AT SEA.



LIEUTENANT NORMAN-SMITH INSTRUCTING MEMBERS OF THE NAVAL SECTION WITH THE AID OF A MAGNIFICENT MODEL OF A 48-GUN FRIGATE.

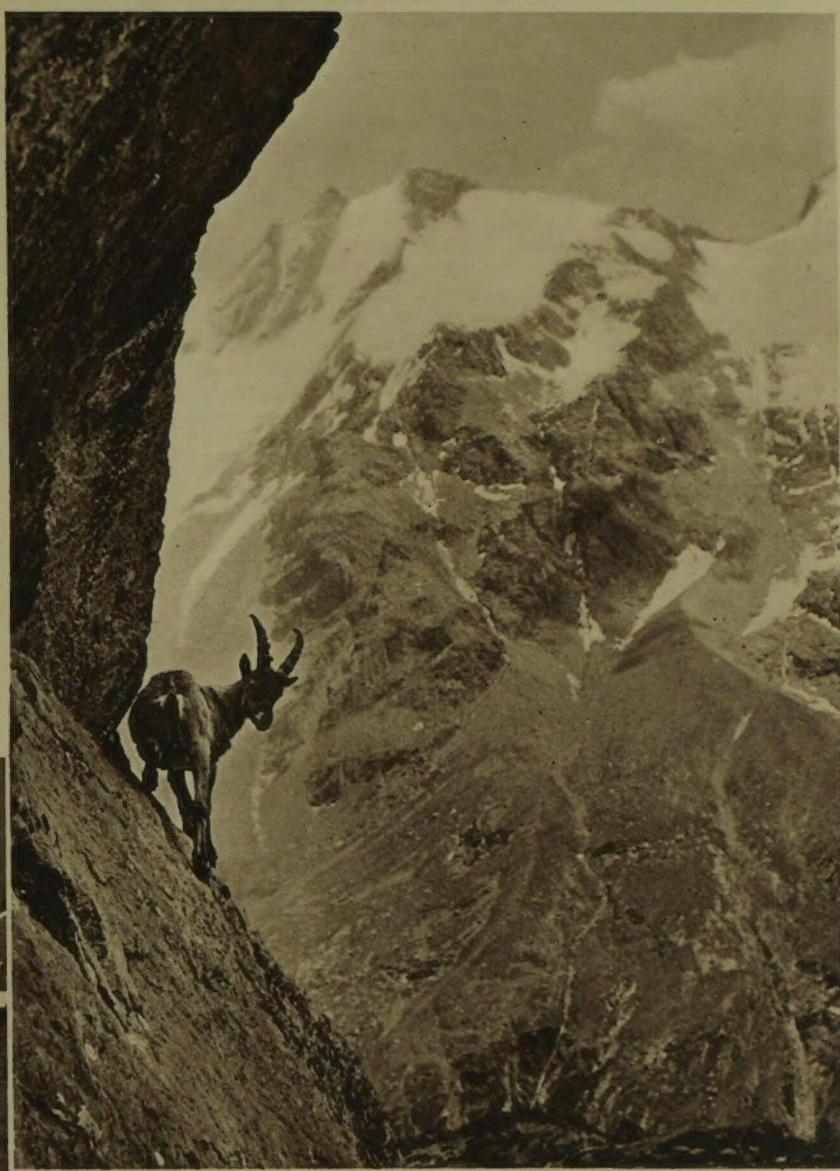
In 1940 Eastbourne College was evacuated to Radley, where it stayed for five years, during which the numbers fell drastically. On returning to Sussex, however, numbers rose again, and now exceed 460. In addition, there is the College Preparatory School, which has some 230 boys. It was opened as recently as 1945 and is situated a short distance from the senior school. The latest additions to the College include new workshops, a headquarters for the Combined Cadet Force, a gymnasium and new laboratories, as well as new

games fields. These—like the Memorial Buildings—the school owes mainly to the generosity of Old Boys, while recent improvements in the scientific laboratories have been made possible by a grant from the Industrial Fund. Founded only comparatively recently, Eastbourne has not enjoyed the liberal endowments of some of the older schools, and recently launched an appeal to enable the College to continue to grow and flourish in the years following its forthcoming centenary.

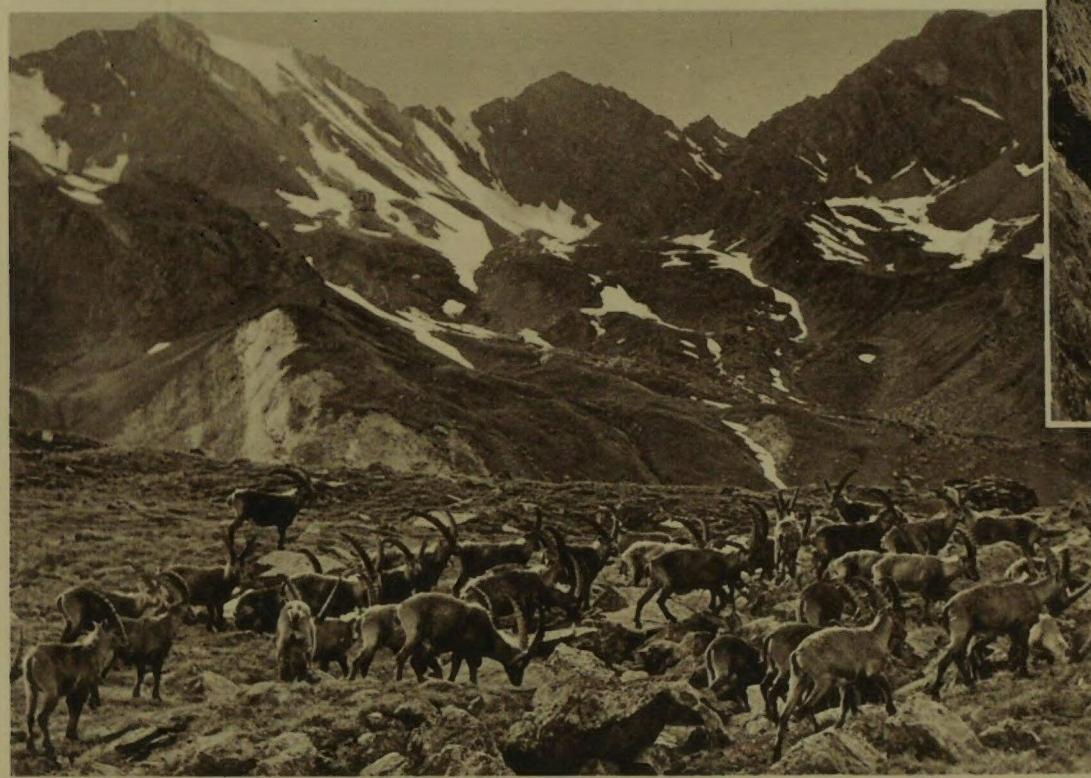
THE ALPINE IBEX, PRESERVED AND
THRIVING IN ITALY'S GRAN PARADISO
NATIONAL PARK.



YOUNG MALE IBEX WITH HORMS LOCKED IN ONE OF THE MANY CONTESTS WHICH PRECEDE THE WINTER BREEDING PERIOD, IN THE GRAN PARADISO NATIONAL PARK, ITALY.



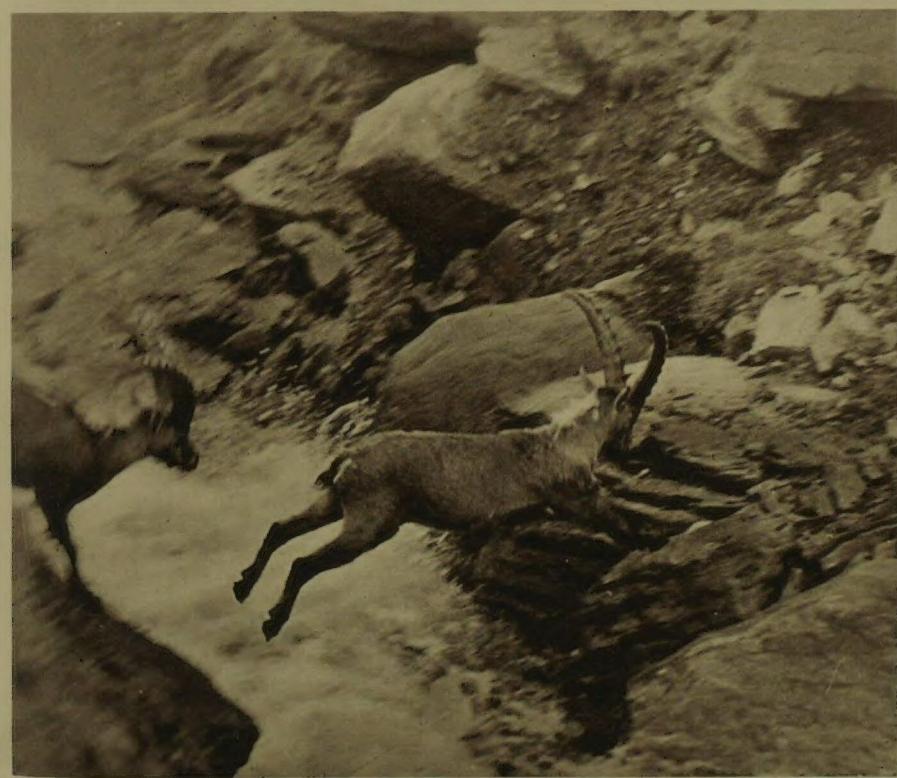
IN THE ITALIAN NATIONAL PARK THE IBEX LIVE BETWEEN 6000 AND 9000 FT.; AND FIND THEIR BEST SAFETY IN SUCH CRAGS AS THESE.



IBEX GRAZING IN A GROUP IN A MOUNTAIN VALLEY IN THE ITALIAN NATIONAL PARK OF GRAN PARADISO, GRAIAN ALPS. SUCH GROUPS USUALLY HAVE SENTINELS.



A CHARACTERISTICALLY DRAMATIC GROUP OF IBEX. ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF EUROPEAN MAMMALS, THIS WILD GOAT HAS ALWAYS BEEN AN INSPIRATION TO ARTISTS.



DESPITE ITS CONSIDERABLE BULK AND WEIGHT, THE ALPINE IBEX IS EXTREMELY ACTIVE AND INDEED ACROBATIC, SPRINGING ABOUT THE CRAGS AND LEAPING STREAMS.

IBEX is a term rather loosely applied to several species of mountain goats; and the ibex which so inspired the artists of Achæmenian Persia (see our issue of December 27 last) was the Pasang (*Capra ægagrus*), while that which delighted the Magdalenian sculptors of western France and which appears in these photographs is the Alpine ibex (*Capra ibex*). As early as the '90's of the last century, the Alpine ibex was thought to be exterminated except for the herds preserved in the Italian National Park of Gran Paradiso (where our photographs were taken), but there are now herds in being in Austria, Germany and Switzerland, where they are protected. At the end of the last war the Gran Paradiso herd numbered about 400, but by 1955 careful protection had caused it to increase to about 3000. A small herd in the Bavarian Alps, which was protected by Marshal Goering during 1935-38, had reached about 50 by 1952. Several attempts were made to re-establish the ibex in Switzerland and these eventually met with considerable success, and by 1952 there were in all eleven herds with a total strength of about 1220.

BOOKS continually surprise me. That, I think, is one of the pleasantest aspects of reading, especially—if a reviewer may say so—for those whose reading is not undertaken for the purposes of instruction or of diversion merely. Sometimes, I am afraid, the surprise contains a faintly impish flavour—"Mr. Collins* was as absurd as he had hoped"—but at other times one marvels that a topic so barren could have yielded so much interest, or that such-and-such an author could have written so perceptively on a theme which seems to lie so far outside his scope. So it was with T. E. LAWRENCE, by Jean Beraud Villars. I do not claim to be deeply versed in the saga of Lawrence of Arabia, or to have read more than three or four of the best-known works in which he appears as a principal figure. But I was closely acquainted with two of the great Englishmen who knew him best, the late Lord Lloyd of Dolobran and the late Sir Ronald Storrs, and I have often sat up with them far into the night, discussing this strange, heroic and tortured personality. If anyone had told me, in those years, that a Frenchman was to write what is probably the best and most nearly satisfactory biography of Lawrence—perfect comprehension of him I take to be unattainable—I should have raised an unbelieving voice. Yet it has happened. M. Villars' work is a masterpiece: reliable, objective, acute in its discernment and in its separation of fact from fiction, full of admiration which stops short of blind worship, noting defects and failures without condescension and without blame. Lawrence, he says, was "one of the rare men, perhaps the only man, to have been at once a war leader and an artist.... To be an artist is to be egocentric, to be a soldier is to sacrifice and forget self. Two philosophies so contradictory within the same man can but produce anomalies and heartbreaks.... He is inhuman by excess of severity, he pursues an absolute that escapes him, and his life reveals at once the triumph and the failure of pure intelligence and of will-power stretched to breaking-point." That is the key, and though much will always remain mysterious—one of M. Villars' great virtues is that when he cannot reach a conclusion, as on the identity of "S.A.", to whom Lawrence dedicated "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom," he frankly says so—I feel, after reading his book, that I know Lawrence better now than ever before. The whole tragedy is too well known to need retelling here. Lawrence's first adventures in Syria led to the part he played in the Arab revolt; his bitter failure at the Peace Conference, and his inability to settle down to any form of humdrum existence, led to his deliberate self-immolation as a simple aircraftman. Lawrence inspired hero worship, personal devotion, resentment, misunderstanding and contempt. M. Villars writes of him with the one thing which his tortured life really seems to demand: compassion. I salute this great book and I wish that George Lloyd could have lived to read it.

Surprises come, not single spies, but in battalions. All I knew about Mithridates was that he was accustomed to inoculate himself with poison, and that he led the Romans a pretty dance in the first century B.C. Now Mr. Alfred Duggan, whose stature as an historian seems to me to be growing

* I am not referring to the publisher!

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THIS game between the representatives of the rival German régimes at Hastings had a most beautiful finish.

NIEMTSO-INDIAN DEFENCE.

| UHLMANN | DARGA | UHLMANN | DARGA |
|-------------|---------|-----------|-------|
| White | Black | White | Black |
| 1. P-QB4 | N-KB3 | 8. B×BP | P-QN3 |
| 2. N-QB3 | P-K3 | 9. Q-K2 | B-N2 |
| 3. P-Q4 | B-N5 | 10. R-Q1 | P×P |
| 4. P-K3 | P-B4 | 11. P×P | B×N |
| 5. N-B3 | Castles | 12. P×B | Q-B2 |
| 6. B-Q3 | P-Q4 | 13. B-Q3! | |
| 7. Castles. | QP×P | | |

I had assumed that Uhlmann had studied this position before the game for it arises from the most popular variation of this defence of the moment, and it is quite common nowadays for prepared play to go thirteen moves deep. In subsequent discussion of the game, however, he assured me he had not encountered this position before. This pawn-sacrifice was based, therefore, not on calculation of all (or even many!) of the

A LITERARY LOUNGER.

By E. D. O'BRIEN.

rapidly, has given us *HE DIED OLD*. The family complications of the rulers of Pontus, and the shifting turmoil of the Mithridatic Wars, might well have daunted the author and confused the reader. Mr. Duggan makes adventurous sense of the whole imbroglio, and leaves us with a clear picture of the magnificent, if ruthless, old king. Another book on a classical theme, Professor T. B. L. Webster's *FROM MYCENÆ TO HOMER*, is a work of much more advanced scholarship. Taking up the work of the late Michael Ventris on "Linear B," he reassesses Mycenaean civilisation, and traces its influence through Homer to the

BOOKS REVIEWED.

- T. E. LAWRENCE, by Jean Beraud Villars. (*Sidgwick and Jackson*; 30s.)
HE DIED OLD, by Alfred Duggan. (*Faber and Faber*; 18s.)
FROM MYCENÆ TO HOMER, by T. B. L. Webster. (*Methuen*; 30s.)
THE PRIVATE SEA, by Peter Mayne. (*Murray*; 18s.)
SOUND OF THE SEA, by Leo Walmsley. (*Collins*; 15s.)
DESTINY IN DALLAS, by Shirley Seifert. (*Jarrold*; 16s.)
A GLASS ROSE, by Richard Bankowsky. (*Secker and Warburg*; 18s.)
HESITANT HOSTESS, by Erle Stanley Gardner. (*Heinemann*; 12s. 6d.)
VOYAGE INTO VIOLENCE, by Frances and Richard Lockridge. (*Hutchinson*; 12s. 6d.)
THE BURNS ENCYCLOPÆDIA, by Maurice Lindsay. (*Hutchinson*; 25s.)
JANE'S FIGHTING SHIPS, edited by R. V. B. Blackman. (*Sampson Low, Marston and Co., Ltd.*; £5 5s.)
JANE'S ALL THE WORLD'S AIRCRAFT, edited by Leonard Bridgeman. (*Sampson Low, Marston and Co., Ltd.*; £5 5s.)

Greeks of the city-state. It is difficult going, but well worth the effort for the general reader, if only for the beautiful cadences of the author's style.

From this I found it an easy transition to a novel—if it is quite a novel?—by Peter Mayne, *THE PRIVATE SEA*. People who write about modern Greece, of whom there is at present no conspicuous shortage, tend to be a shade too rhapsodic. Mr. Mayne loves the absurd and endearing collection of aunts, grandmothers, and over-excitable young men whom he gets to know on the island of Poros, and makes them all human, credible and charming. So, too, is the rich and lovely American girl who turns up to flutter these highly flutterable dovecotes. (I don't really mean "doves," but wolves do not live in cotes!) This

lines of play that might follow, but on a general and perhaps only intuitive judgment of the position.

13. . . . Q×BP 14. B-N2 Q-N5

Withdrawn along the file, the queen would still be a target aiding White in completing his development (15. QR-B1!).

15. P-QR4!

But now she is threatened with B-QR3. That threat nullified, White uses his QR3 just as effectively for his rook.

15. . . . R-QB1 16. N-K5 Q-Q3

The general assessment is interesting. *Black*: four pieces in play; one, the rook, a little awkwardly, as his eighteenth move makes clear. I distinguish *pieces* from *pawns*. *White*: five, and the sixth now comes in . . .

A sporting game. White's positional advantage may, or may not, be worth a pawn.

17. R-R3! N-B3 19. N-N4 N×N (?)
 18. B-N1 R-Q1

I believe Black's last fighting chance was 19. . . . N-Q4, blocking one of those murderous bishop's diagonals.

20. Q×N P-B4 23. Q-K3 Q-B3
 21. Q-R5 P-N3 24. B-R2 R-Q3
 22. Q-R6 Q-B1 25. Q-K2

is essentially a happy book, and all who read it—I hope they will be many—cannot fail to share the author's happiness. So, in its way, is *SOUND OF THE SEA*, by Leo Walmsley, another autobiography in novel form. Mr. Walmsley spent his boyhood in a tough Yorkshire fishing village, at about the time of Mafeking. He also writes with humour and tenderness. We could do with a great many more books like these.

Suppressing my uncontemporary preference for delicacy and charm, let me take a deep breath and plunge into the boiling seas of "starkness." Here we go: "Rawhide. A lean, extra-long stretch of a man. Standing, he topped 6 ft.; and most of that was hard bone and muscle." Who can this be? You are right: it is a Texan, one of the founders of Dallas in the 1850's. Shirley Seifert has written his story in *DESTINY IN DALLAS*. Running away from home at the age of fourteen, Alec Cockrell lived with the Cherokee Indians, married a "Methody woman," prospered greatly, and was finally murdered by a "mean" marshal. Miss Seifert skips backwards and forwards in the story—"significant," but rather slap-dash—and spits her sentence at you as though she had a cigar in one corner of her mouth. Nevertheless, there is something about this book besides thunder and rawhide. I didn't enjoy it much, but others will. Yes, others may be able to grapple with 308 pages of crazy mixed-up soliloquy, reflecting the tense and by no means coherent emotions of a family of Polish emigrants in New Jersey, presented by Richard Bankowsky in *A GLASS ROSE*. If they succeed, they will find something very, very nasty in the Polish-American woodshed.

After that, I found a couple of thrillers extremely peaceful and soothing. In *HESITANT HOSTESS*, by Erle Stanley Gardner, lawyer Perry Mason does it again, at his usual breathtaking speed. There are a couple of excellent court scenes, but—I have said it already, and I repeat—the course of American justice, as here depicted, might well scare the living daylights out of the innocent. Another American detective, Captain Weigand, with his two friends, Pam and Jerry North, is called upon to solve a murder which takes place during a cruise to Havana. These characters are, I am ashamed to say, new to me, but I was glad to meet them in *VOYAGE INTO VIOLENCE*, by Frances and Richard Lockridge. I hope we may meet again.

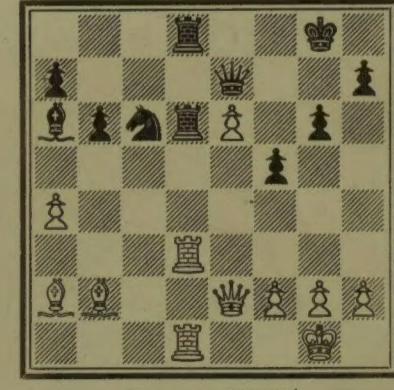
This being the centenary year of the birth of Robbie Burns, I will courteously veil my personal reactions to the works of the ploughboy bard, and give a welcome to *THE BURNS ENCYCLOPÆDIA*, by Maurice Lindsay. This is a kind of comprehensive guide to Burns's life and works, alphabetically arranged, in which the devout can browse to their hearts' content.

A less formal tribute must go to this year's editions of *JANE'S FIGHTING SHIPS*, and *JANE'S ALL THE WORLD'S AIRCRAFT*. These become more and more exciting every year. "The various admiralties and navy departments of the major naval powers," I read, "have been shaken out of the static orbit of conventional ships." But while noting with gloom Russia's "increase in submarine activity" (to about 500 units), I am surprised to learn that in the air she comes "rather a poor fourth" to the U.S.A., Britain and France. However, one can hardly—nor does *JANE'S* attempt to do so—ignore all those nasty missiles.

A subtle move, protecting the QB so as to threaten P-Q5, and also the hitherto unguarded KR.

25. . . . QR-Q1 27. R(R3)-Q3 B-R3
 26. P-Q5 Q-B2 28. P×P Q-K2

DARGA (Black)



UHLMANN (White)

29. R×R R×R 30. R×R Resigns
 . . . for if 30. . . . Q×R, 31. P-K7 dis ch mates; whilst if 30. . . . B×Q, 31. R×N leaves Black helpless.



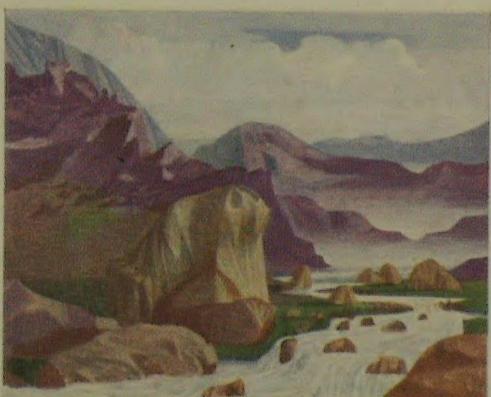
The more you know about Scotch, the more you like Ballantine's

THE SUPERB SCOTCH

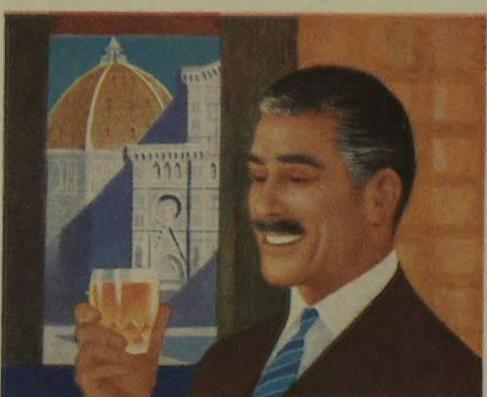
Did you know, for example? . . .



that in homes like this, Ballantine's was first drunk over a century ago. The knowledge and appreciation of really good Scotch has been handed down with the family escutcheon—the same famous names appear in the order books of to-day.



that sparkling streams bubbling down heather-clad hills are used in the making of Ballantine's. Their crystal-clear waters impart their own unique character to the flavour of this fine Scotch.



that Ballantine's is one of the best liked Scotches in the world. In the United States, Sweden, France and many other countries, it is a top seller. The world over, when friends meet together, they naturally prefer the superb Scotch.

Supreme in the skies!



FLY from London to New York or Montreal by the finest jetliner in the world—BOAC's incomparable *Comet 4*!

It costs no more to fly by BOAC's regular *Comet* service, yet you'll sample for yourself the smoothest, most luxurious air travel ever achieved. The "Comet's" four mighty Rolls-Royce jet engines speed you through the blue calm of the stratosphere without a hint of vibration. Book de Luxe "Monarch" or First Class.



BOAC COMET 4 **JETLINER**

Consult your local BOAC Appointed Travel Agent or any BOAC office.

B R I T I S H O V E R S E A S A I R W A Y S C O R P O R A T I O N